

Sports Illustrated

MARCH 13, 1972 60 CENTS

REDEMPTION FOR THE REDS

JOHNNY BENCH BEARS DOWN



Cutty Sark vs. Thermopylae.

The most famous clipper race of all time

In the early 1870's, the clipper *Thermopylae* held "the blue ribbon," symbol of victory in the incredible tea races that pitted great ships against each other and half the world's oceans. But then came *Cutty Sark*, built solely to beat *Thermopylae*. And in 1872, the two ships met for the first and only time.

On June 17th they cast off from Shanghai together, bound for London. Immediately they were separated by gales. *Cutty* forged far ahead. And then on August 25, a huge sea tore *Cutty's* rudder away. In 6 days of storms, the crew fashioned and fitted a jury rudder. And when it snapped, they made a second rig, this time in only 24 hours. With her speed severely cut by the weak rudder, *Cutty* limped home, docked after *Thermopylae*—yet won the race!

A special maritime board was convened which inspected the logs of both vessels and decided that, based on actual time under sail in equal conditions, *Cutty Sark* had made the faster passage. From that time on, *Cutty* was never beaten in equal competition. Small wonder that, years later, a reporter was to write of the finish of yet another clipper race, "*Cutty Sark* first...the rest, nowhere."



Coloring from collection of Lt.-Col. James M. Thompson, M.C.



Capt. Moodie,
Cutty's commander
in her most famous race.

Cutty's jury rudder,
seen in drydock.



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Next week

KING OF THE HILL is the game in college basketball as the NCAA regional playoffs begin. Carry Kirkpatrick scouts those teams who are hoping to climb up to pull down UCLA.

YOUTH WILL BE SERVING in Dallas Chris Evert and Evonne Coolidge, the two brightest names in women's tennis, compete in the same tournament for the first time.

BOOM BOOM—the heavy artillery is out in the mountains around Alta, Utah. In the dark, early hours snow rangers blast away at those deadly enemies, the giant avalanches.

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BOOKTALK

A Canadian critic grows restless over the U.S. usurpation of his country's gift to sport

Of all the bounty Canadians have yielded to an ungrateful, even insatiable United States (and anybody's short list must include the sayings of Marshall McLuhan, as well as the liberal contributions of America's Ken Cartwrights, Pacher Ferguson Jenkins, the trees that are processed into *The New York Times* and the illuminating fictions of Arthur Hailey), the greatest, unarguably, is ice hockey. Our very own Canadian thing. We have not only shared the game but also bequeathed some of its finest practitioners to the other America: Gordie Howe, Bobby Hull and the truly superlative Bobby Orr.

Imagine the shoe being on the other foot: Boris Kubiak taking the Montreal Expos management aside and asking, "Could you fit Vida Blue into the starting rotation, and if we sent him up would you be nice enough to put Henry Aaron every day?" We are undoubtedly the last of the big givers. Now, if there can be said to be such a thing, we are shipping out even the literary heritage surrounding hockey—most recently between the covers of *Goalkeeper*, by Gerry Cheevers of the Boston Bruins, with Trem Frayne (Dodd, Mead; \$5.95).

I was brought up on real hockey, before the slap shot and head-marring the puck all but displaced stickhandling. Mine was a six-team league, charged with talent, where in the bruiser who scored 20 goals in his debutante year was going some. Last season, on the other hand, rookie Center Gal Perreault was able to score more than 30 with nobody worth mentioning on either wing.

In my time records signified something. Nobody committed an outlandish 100 points a year. But only last season four Boston Bruins—Orr, Phil Esposito, Johnny Bucyk and Ken Hodge—did better. Any league in which Bucyk and Hodge can look that good is holding up not a mirror but a magnifying glass to nature. To take a socially relevant, rather than elitist, point of view it must be said that the cause of this decline in quality is a feeble expansion from six to 16 teams in six years, has allowed aging or mediocre players, like willing corporation executives, to retire to California, permissive California, where they continue playing, insufficiently, for untutored fans. Fans who simply cannot appreciate hockey as we do. (Look here: Such is our devotion, Canadian voters once even sent a defenceman, Red Kelly, to Parliament. And when it turned out that legislating and hockey conflicted, he had the good sense to quit—Parliament, of course.)

So seeing the game popularized, catching on in the other America, CBS paying the

NHL a million dollars for the rights to the Sunday-afternoon game of the week, Bobby Orr making the cover of U.S. magazines, Derek Sanderson in *Life*, *Esquire* and *The New Yorker*, hockey books proliferating—well, we are pleased, we are flattered, yes, yes. But we are also apprehensive. Outsiders have stumbled onto our secret four-star restaurant and, while we applaud its new affluence, we fear for the quality. These days hyperbole is all.

In this new order, Bobby Orr is being touted as the game's savior, something of a latter-day Babe Ruth, and the resurgent Bruins as the greatest team ever to take to the ice. I shall always cherish them for the brilliant, exciting East Division final they lost to the Canadians in 1968-69. The following season the Canadians collapsed, and the Bruins ran away with everything. Then last season—which Cheevers writes about in *Goalkeeper*—Boston became the first team ever to win 57 games in a season and accumulate 121 points and score 399 goals. But come Stanley Cup play-off time, the vermin hour, and the Canadians beat them again. It was a stunning rookie goaltender, Ken Dryden, who really did them in.

Cheevers, who shares the Boston net-minding job with Eddie Johnston, gives Dryden his due. Appreciation of other goalies, in fact, is a characteristic of his breezy book. (Not so the expansion teams. "The L.A. Kings were in last night," he writes. "Their coach, Larry Ragan, told the newspapers he'd have a surprise in store for the Bruins. He must have lost it on his way to the Garden. The game was one of those expansion-team bores where we score seven or eight and they score three or four. This time it was us seven, them three.") Not surprisingly, Cheevers is especially grateful to Jacques Plante, the first goaltender to wear a mask, in 1959, and who made it acceptable, in 1967. Before the mask came into general use, Cheevers writes, "The slap shot hadn't been invented and deflections weren't part of the design of offense. Those two aspects are so refined now that I feel any goalkeeper is an idiot who refuses to wear a mask." Indeed. Goaltending in the NHL, what with pucks coming at you from all angles at 110 mph, must be among the most hazardous of all jobs in sport.

Cheevers is no mean goaltender, himself, and so I wish I could praise his journal more. It is likable, but superficial. Just the trick, I should think, for somebody's hockey-crazed nephew, but not for adults.

Hockey still awaits its Jim Bouton

—MORRIS R. HOFFER

Ted Green's engrossing story of his paralyzing and near-fatal hockey accident, and his comeback, part of which was told in this magazine, has been published as a book, *Red Stick*, by Dodd, Mead (\$5.95).

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The vital signs were terrible. And yet, looking at Tex propped up there in the oxygen tent with a silly grin on his lips, it was hard to believe he was going to go out that easily. For one thing, he seemed almost apologetic, and apologizing is not something Tex Maule does easily.

Of course, there was reason for this sudden melting of a towering confidence. Having decided that the last place in the world he wanted to be was in the oxygen tent, Tex got up and walked away with it. There were a few problems, such as being hooked by the chest to an electronic monitoring system and through the veins to a bottle of glucose, not to mention the oxygen hose itself. Unfortunately, only the horrified attendant got to see that wondrous vision of this seeming giant thrashing away at his bonds like a maddened Gulliver. Eventually the attendant and the paraphernalia got to Tex. Uncharacteristically subdued, he retreated to his bed and allowed that maybe there was, after all, a better way for a man to fight a massive heart attack.

This is one of the few known cases where Tex Maule backed down on anything, and we would not have it any other way. For one thing, he is stuck with us and, as everybody knows, predicting as fearlessly as ever. When Maule walks into an office with a broad grin on his face, you know immediately that here is a man who has just seen the light and is going to bless you by sharing it—whether you want a share or not. The nugget could be that there is "no way, no way in God's green acres" the Dallas Cowboys can lose—and they finally won, didn't they?—or that the greyhound he owns a half-share in was "running under wraps" in the semifinal at Miami last week, and is a "shoo" for the final (he finished sixth).

Sometimes, certainly, Tex is having us on, as with his name. You see, he was born in Florida, a fact he has learned to live with quietly. But Tex—Fla if you prefer—can be serious, too.

say when meeting a midnight deadline on a pro football or light story. No one could appear more relaxed than Maule with his legs up on his desk straddling his striped-down typewriter, but no matter how great the pressure, the story always arrives on time. Often his observations are far ahead of others in accuracy, too. At the second Ali-Liston bout, for instance, he was one of very few writers to see the blow that photographs later showed knocked Liston off his feet. The fight was no fake, he quickly said, and proceeded to write it that way.

When Tex had his heart attack, his account of which begins on page 62

[illegible]

of this issue, it was a big, Texas-sized one. Naturally. But Tex didn't have to be told how to recover. He knew, even if his skeptical doctor was not so sure. But more than just knowing, to the amazement of everyone but himself, he became a marathoner—well, one-third of a marathoner; that's how far he got in Boston a year ago. Which in itself is quite a feat and goes to prove what Tex has always said. They haven't made the oxygen tent yet that can hold a good man down.

Click Mumbo

THE USE OF GRAVITY AS A SAFETY FEATURE.

We'd like to take this opportunity to publicly thank Sir Isaac Newton for helping us design the Chevrolet Vega.

Actually, he didn't have much to do with the door handles or the ashtray. But we did use his principles of gravity to help us make our little car the great little car that it is.

Vega has a low center of gravity. That is, it sits very low to the ground. It also has a wide stance. Altogether, that makes Vega a very stable little car. Out on the road it's able to cope very nicely with curves and crosswinds.

Naturally, there are many other things that we put into Vega to help protect you. Like two steel roofs instead of just one. And side-guard door beams. Some little cars don't

have them, you know. Our responsive over head door beams can also be a big comfort. On a fast-moving freeway Vega doesn't seem like an economy car.

And, because we want to make the stopping as good as the going, front disc brakes are standard.

Vega also has a new front seat belt reminder system. With a light and buzzer to help you remember that if you don't use your belts they won't do you any good.

We'd like to urge you to go down to your Chevy dealer's and test-drive the most popular little car made in America. We think you'll be amazed at how well Vega holds the road.

And we think Sir Isaac would be proud.

Vega Coupe on display at the GM Truck Show, Motor City, Detroit



Chevrolet. Building a better way to see the U.S.A.

TV TALK

Some sergeants and apples are showing up in pro basketball's Garden of Eden

A little over a year ago Kenyon and Eckhardt, a New York ad agency, came up with a study that claimed to show that basketball was the sport of the '70s. The 63-page treatise held that basketball is a simple game nurtured in the ghetto streets and would smolder with America's new activism. In turn, the game would thrust pro football into the shadows as a straight-arrow, middle-class entertainment.

As it happens, Kenyon and Eckhardt's crystal ball was seriously clouded. Since the study, professional football has shown not a decline but a spectacular jump of almost 10% in audience. By contrast, television ratings for professional basketball, while increasing slightly, have slipped relative to some other attractions.

The average NBA national telecast produced by ABC was seen in 4,590,000 homes during the 1968 season. The number of homes tuned in jumped by 460,000 in 1969 and by 550,000 the following season. So far so good. But last year the gain was sliced to 270,000, a bad omen for a business whose profits are linked to audience growth. It does not mean that pro basketball is a bad buy for sponsors—according to Nielsen its cost per thousand of \$4.13 compares well with other sports—but it poses some nagging business questions.

ABC sells 18 one-minute commercial spots on NBA telecasts at an average of \$20,000 each, grossing some \$360,000 per game, or \$11.5 million for the current 32-game season. By themselves, these numbers seem impressive. On the other hand, ABC paid out \$5.8 million for the rights to carry the NBA games, and its production costs ran another \$1.5 million. Other outlets cut deeply into what remains, leaving a rather thin profit margin for "the game of the '70s."

The network is considering some adjustments to turn things around. One way to achieve higher ratings would be regional coverage, as is done with pro football. ABC has experimented in the past with regional telecasts and did so again this season. Next year it will expand the experiment. But costs go up with each game added, and it is problematical whether the rate card can completely offset this.

"The results of these telecasts will have a distinct bearing on our approach when renewal time comes," says Jim Spence, ABC Sports' vice-president of sports program planning.

Predictably, NBA Commissioner Walter Kennedy views the slowdown in basketball's TV popularity as only temporary. "I think

we can do 50 games on national TV each year without overexposure," he contends.

What all of this fails to take into account is the type of audience NBA games are attracting. Advertising agencies have made demographics—the analysis of audience, age, income and education—an obsession in recent years. Anyone trying to sell time or space these days simply cannot afford to ignore these factors, and vast amounts of money are spent trying to prove... well, whatever it is one wants to prove.

The key element is audience income—how much has the viewer got to spend on the sponsor's product? ABC claims that 52% of the families watching NBA basketball earn more than \$10,000 a year, which is reasonably good if you can believe the sampling. 3,500 households out of 62 million.

But if NBA telecasts have flattened out as an attraction, there seems only one direction for college basketball on TV: onward and upward. Seven telecasts of the NCAA playoffs on NBC last season averaged 6,730,000 homes, an increase of 410,000 over 1970 and 1,260,000 over the previous year. According to TVS, an independent company's 13 regular-season productions averaged 4,490,000 homes, impressive because TV Sight to fashion its own network and market from scratch five years ago. Its potential coverage encompassed 97% of the available TV sets in America.

No better evidence of the college ad boomlet can be found than in the success of Coliseum Sports, led by a 29-year-old producer named Don Shadrack. His firm expects a neat profit from commercial sales of around \$1 million, generated out of only six national telecasts. Shadrack violated basketball's unwritten law of television by making his sales pitch in December, when money is tight. But Shadrack explains, "Sure, there wasn't much money around last December, but we were about the only ones competing for it." Shadrack's premier game, Notre Dame vs. UCLA, looked like a brilliant coup when it was booked but turned out to be one of the season's colossal mismatches. "It was worth the risk," Shadrack says now.

Coliseum managed to get station clearances at 80% of the nation's markets, and it pegged its commercials at a top of \$18,000 apiece, with 10 of them per game. Coliseum signed Elgin Baylor to narrate the microphone with old hand Charlie Jones. Despite its rights fee of \$20,000 per game and quality production, Coliseum has made its series into a small but profitable package.

If one development in the TV basketball picture has torpedooed the Kenyon and Eckhardt report, it is the picture in the ABC, which had planned a regional series among four of its most successful franchises—California, Indiana, Kentucky and Virginia. At the last minute the series was canceled for lack of sponsors.

—JOHN CAROL

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

TAXES AND SPORT

A survey prepared for the National Sporting Goods Association, which understandably is keenly interested in the situation, indicates that in many cases interscholastic sports are in danger because of the current taxpayer revolt against school expenditures. The increasing costs of salaries and construction, combined with the general economic decline and the fact that school budgets and bond issues are about the only area where the citizen has a direct vote on how he will be taxed, have led to rejection of bonds and budgets all across the country. A significant 66% of the people questioned in the survey said that while they recognized the value of sport they would nonetheless favor a reduction in spending for interscholastic athletics if it meant a reduction in taxes.

Coupled with this is a growing feeling that interscholastic competition benefits relatively few students. And yet it appears that physical education programs for all students—particularly in inner city schools where they are most important—are too often inadequate. In Philadelphia, for example, where varsity sports were killed last year and then, after considerable controversy, revived (SI, Sept. 6, 1971 *et seq.*), as many as half the students in a class regularly cut phys ed.

Some put the blame for this on the teachers running the classes who because of budgetary inadequacies are either untrained in physical education or are varsity coaches whose primary interests lie elsewhere. "Most physical education teachers think coaching is more important than teaching," said one Philadelphia teacher-coach. "Coaches look for kids who are natural athletes. They see athletics as an end rather than as a vehicle for teaching."

He added that he did not think varsity athletics generally had the benefits so frequently attributed to them during last year's dispute. "Most kids who make it in high school sport could have continued to play in Boys Clubs,

the YMCA, recreational leagues and so on. But when it came down to the [budgetary] crunch, it was remedial physical education classes that were cut out. Where are our priorities?"

SKI AND SEE

This solution comes a touch too late for the just-ended Winter Games, but surely the International Olympic Committee's Avery Brundage would be pleased to endorse Germany's Family Sport Society (FKK) whose members never, but never, display commercial brand names while skiing the Allgauer Alps in the southwest corner of Bavaria. The society skis without really displaying much of anything in the way of labels: the area is restricted to nude schussers who pay \$1.70 a day for the privilege of racing about raw. Nonmembers are welcome. Don't call us, call the German National Tourist Office.

BORGER HOCKEY

The fetal World Hockey Association is trying to develop new teams in a variety of cities. The venerable National Hockey League is prepared to defend both its old, established franchises and its newer, hopeful ones. Oddly, neither group has moved toward the fertile ground—or ice—of San Diego. While NHL teams in Los Angeles and Oakland are struggling to attract fans—crowds have been as low as 3,000 and about the only time they get to 10,000 and above is when one of the six original NHL clubs come to town—the minor-league San Diego Gulls have been a bit ever since they came into existence in 1966. Average home attendance is far better than that in the higher population areas farther north in California.

Hockey expansionists say the crowds in San Diego are the result of minor-league ticket prices (\$4.50 top), and the pension-based economy of that retirement city will not support the inflated ticket scale (\$6.50 top) major league hockey had grown accustomed to. May-

be so, but where there are crowds there is interest. The old commercial theory that low price times high volume equals good profits could prove more valid than the high price, low volume situation in the rinks farther north.

MONETARY GAIN

Serious horse players have been saddened to find their ranks infiltrated by people to whom money is more important than winning a bet. There has been a spate of thefts at mutual windows where bettors, usually lithe, swift kids, suddenly reach into the cage, snatch a handful of cash and are gone in an instant.

When a \$50 window was closed in a would-be bettor's face at Maryland's Pimlico, he smashed the glass, grabbed some money and threw it to the crowd, which kept it. At Liberty Bell in Pennsylvania a more deliberate thief sprayed mace on a mutual clerk at a \$100 win-



dow and took his money box, which contained more than \$11,000. Chased and cornered by track police and realizing he could not get away, the thief flung the money box into the crowd. Alas, the horse players lost a chance to improve their image: only \$1,500 was recovered.

LONG DAY'S VIEWING

If you like auto racing, you'd better get in shape. This June the 24-hour Le Mans race will be televised via satellite in its entirety, all 24 hours of it, and will be shown over closed-circuit TV in theaters

continued



The more places you take your car the more you need The People Tire.

Maybe you can do enough of the wrong things to this tire to tear it up. But it's tough.

Maybe you can find enough back roads to plow through, or enough fields to pull off into, or stop in enough muddy, rocky camp grounds to do it in. But it's tough. Really tough.

Firestone builds this tire with a strong polyester body. And right under the tread, where a tire really gets it, we put two armor belts of steel — made of steel cords so strong a single cord will pull a



car, cords set so close together it takes 805 feet to make just one tire.

Our engineers call this tire the Firestone 500 Steel Belt. We call it The People Tire.

We're not saying it's a tire you shouldn't take care of. We're saying that, with a little care, it will really take care of you. Wherever you take your car.

Go to your Firestone Dealer, Store or service station and let them tell you all about it.

Firestone
500 Steel Belt

the people tire

around the country. It will be, for one day, anyway, kind of like the old six-day bike races, when spectators would drop in from time to time and watch for an hour or so, go off about their business for awhile and then stop by again later. Tickets, the promoters hasten to point out, will be good for all 24 hours and you can enter and leave the theater at will during the race.

Or else bring a pillow and stay twice around the clock.

ROYAL TRY

One of the many experiments in baseball the forward-looking Kansas City Royals have dabbled in deals with the visual perception and physical coordination of their players. A couple of California ophthalmologists who had worked on improving such skills in retarded children wondered if their methods might not help ballplayers, too. In Kansas City this winter they tested about 15 Royal players, putting them through various exercises (for instance, a player would bounce on a trampoline while moving his legs and hands in prescribed motions) and evaluating their vision (the player was asked to react to a pinpoint of light on a wall in a dark room by indicating what part of his body was the same height as the point of light).

Outfielder Lou Piniella was found to have better coordination in the upper than the lower half of his body, perhaps accounting for his considerable aptitude as a hitter and relative ineptitude in fielding ground balls. Catcher Ed Kirkpatrick found that in his closed batting stance his nose blocked the vision in one eye so that he was virtually a one-eyed hitter. First Baseman Bob Oliver, who has trouble hitting high pitches, consistently tended to think the point of light was higher than it really was.

The doctors outlined programs for the players designed to rectify such weaknesses. Now, if they can also come up with a formula for hitting the long ball or consistently nipping the outside corner with a fast curve, Kansas City will have the pennant wrapped up.

ASK SAMSON

Score a point for the anti-hair forces. Last Saturday at the Champions meet in Los Angeles (page 57), Al Feuerbach, who wears his hair down to his shoulders, tried desperately to become the second man ever to put the shot more than

70 feet. He missed by 12½ inches and blamed his hair. "I could definitely feel it on my last throw," he admitted. But do not assume that the burly shotputter ran out looking for a barber. He also said, "It was the first time my hair was ever a deterrent to my putting. I'm not going to clip it unless it bothers me on all six throws."

TEXAS AND BROOKLYN

Rice University has recruited a football player from—it's hard to believe—the heart of Brooklyn. Bernardo Paez, a 6'2" quarterback, was approached by 200 college teams before settling on scholastically prestigious Rice (Paez ranks in the top 10½ of his class at Thomas Jefferson High).

Al Conover, Rice's coach, lapsed into Texas-style hyperbole in describing Paez' Brooklyn background to the Houston press. "The kids have to fight their way to school and home again," he said. "Those who can't fight have to pay protection or get beat up. One day when I was there the team was working out on cement, scrimmaging without pads on frozen concrete. They had shoveled the snow off and were doing agility rolls and forward rolls, the entire bit. The team's field doesn't have a blade of grass on it. The field house is a converted subway station. Trains rumble overhead every 15 minutes or so, shaking loose dirt and bricks."

He praised the football program of Jefferson's coach, Moe Finkelstein. "He has told the kids on the idea that their only chance of getting out of that environment and improving themselves is by making it in athletics and getting a college scholarship. As a result he has a very disciplined group."

In Brooklyn, Finkelstein was pleased by Conover's praise but gently corrected some of his statements. "It isn't all that rough," he said. "The kids don't fight their way to school or pay protection. And it wasn't a scrimmage on concrete, it was just a workout." The field house is not an abandoned subway station but a small building that nestles under the elevated tracks. The subway does rumble overhead, but bricks and dirt don't shake loose, not really. Finkelstein did concede that the field had no grass.

He had only one serious exception to Conover's remarks. He welcomed the educational opportunity football gave his players but not because it enabled

them to escape forever from their environment. Rather, Finkelstein said, he urges those who go to college to come back to Brooklyn afterward and teach and work in the community.

FALSE HOPE

The use of drugs to stimulate high school and college athletes is on the increase, according to a report given to the annual convention of the California Medical Association. Dr. Philip McFarland, head of the committee on the medical aspects of sport, said efforts by the state medical body to stop the growing use of drugs have not been successful.

"We're trying to get to those relatively few who think winning is more important than their own health care," he said. He added that one reason for the continuing rise in drug use is that collegiate and scholastic players are "influenced by pros who play with a cast on their arm or who get knocked out in one quarter and come back in the next." Dr. McFarland put some of the onus on coaches. "When you have to depend on somebody else's performance for your job," he observed, "you tend to be enthusiastic about something that will improve your players' performance."

He also blamed "sympathetic doctors" who, infected with an overdose of school spirit or hometown patriotism, help promote the use of drugs, particularly anabolic steroids, amphetamines and pain-killers.

THEY SAID IT

● Joe Torre, St. Louis Cardinal third baseman and last year's Most Valuable Player, on his holdout at spring training: "They're even charging me for coffee and gum at the clubhouse."

● Orville Henry, *Arkansas Gazette* columnist: "Do you reckon that the Greenville officer who arrested Duane Thomas on charges of possessing marijuana bothered to advise him, 'You have the right to remain silent'?"

● George Armstrong, Toronto Maple Leaf scout who is part Indian, on the controversy over Indians as the subject of team insignia: "When I was playing, it wasn't the Black Hawks' crest that bothered me. It was Bobby Hull's slap shot."

● Dave Wohl, Philadelphia 76er guard, on his rebounding ability: "I am a 6'2", deceptive non-leaper. I have one good jump in me a month. I try to make sure I use it wisely."

END

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a great new style...**



**...and topped it off with a
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Coronet Topper '72



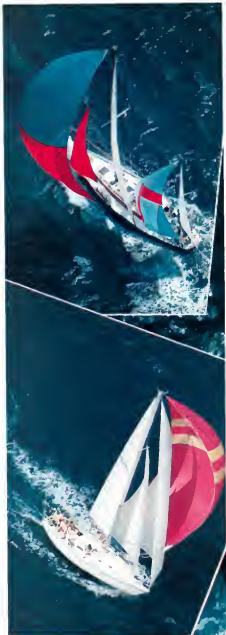
LITTLE BIG BOAT

Sorry about that, *Equation*. Pity, *Running Tide*. Still upper, *Charisma*. They had the pedigrees, but little old *Condor*—the sloop with the yellow-topped spinnaker to your right—won the prize. No way she could have beaten the world's fanciest boats in the Southern Ocean Racing Conference, the winter's biggest sailing series, but last week she did. Her owner? Hill Blackett, a Chicago advertising man. "I was not," he said with perfect truth, "born into sailing."

While medium-sized boats like *Jedgo* (top) and *Confess* were churning along far to the rear in the point-rich Miami-Nassau race, Blackett's Class D 41-footer was in among the leading Class A beggies. She did more than mingle; she finished sixth in the fleet to all but clinch the SORC title. The concluding Nassau Cup race three days later confirmed her triumph.

It had begun as a lark. Blackett's original destination was the West Indies, where he merely intended to breeze about for a while. But crewman Chris Martin and Blackett's son Buzz needed him into entering the Southern circuit. *Condor* thereupon outsailed most of the 100-boat fleet in the four races preceding Miami-Nassau and killed 'em in that one. Oh, there were reasons: smart sail trimming and navigation and Blackett's gambling instinct to split off from the fleet when he thought it wise. And maybe he was even blown along a bit by resentment of the way saltwater sailors like to feed it over his Lake Michigan freshwater breed.—HUGH D. WHALE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWABERT





LIFE OF LEISURE FOR THE UPPER CLASS

Wealthy owners and blue-blooded colts have idled away the winter—and maybe their chance to win the Kentucky Derby by **WHITNEY TOWER**

Perhaps it was snobbery, perhaps good sense, perhaps they are a ragtag lot that their owners are in no hurry to expose, but not one of the leading candidates for the Kentucky Derby—now just nine Saturdays away—had appeared on a racetrack this season. And here it was the first of March. Finally, last week three of the top-ranked six made it to the gate. Not in 22 years, since Middleground in 1950, has a colt started his 3-year-old season this late and still managed to win the Derby. That is a statistic trainers might reflect on.

Horsemen had their reasons for this casual approach to the classic. Several owners claimed that Gulfstream Park,

which replaced stately Hialeah as Florida's midwinter meeting, was a place not fit for man or beast. So through January and February, they stayed on the beach and their horses stayed in the barn. "I kept my record clean: I never went to Gulfstream," sang one prominent owner as Hialeah opened last Friday. In some quarters, appearing in the Gulfstream clubhouse was viewed as being a traitor to one's class. A Kentuckian who risked censure and went up to Hallandale anyway returned to report, "Money, it's like going down to the depot when you're used to Grand Central Station." One wonders just how long it has been since this gen-

tleman traveled to New York, but at least he made his point.

For years Gulfstream had sought Hialeah's earlier dates, which fell during the height of the tourist season and at a time when the best horses always raced. The track argued its case in court and finally got what it wanted. But after all that effort, the banner season it expected failed to develop. Attendance and handle hardly compared with past seasons at Hialeah; and during the entire 40-day Gulfstream meeting not a single horse ran in the colors of such major stables as Greentree, Darby Dan, Rokeby or Ogden Phipps. "Many trainers are in Florida but not running at Gulfstream," said Joe Hirsch, the *Daily Racing Form* columnist. "There are two reasons. The track is too hard and therefore dangerous in comparison to Hialeah, and there is an understandable resentment over the change in dates between the two tracks." For 44 years Hialeah's midwinter meeting had provided an elegant respite for horsemen, much as Saratoga does in midsummer.

While many trainers were knocking Gulfstream, many more were busy doing the best they could there, and by meeting's end last Thursday a few of their colts had won new recognition. Though Lucien Laurin was keeping Riva Ridge, last season's undisputed 2-year-old champion and winner of seven of his nine races, in his barn at Hialeah, he brought to Gulfstream two worthy substitutes. The best seemed Spanish Riddle, a son of Ridan, who had thrived since shipping south from New York. He had won three in a row, scoring by such astonishing margins as eight and 13 lengths. Two of his victories had been in stakes, and he was the favorite in the \$180,000 Florida Derby last week. Laurin also had a less-fancied starter, Upper Case, a bay by Round Table out of the Bold Ruler mare Bold Experience. When the field of 11 in the mile-and-one-eighth stake turned into the stretch, Upper Case, with Ron Turcotte riding, surprised almost everyone by barreling through a hole on the rail and rushing past his stablemate to win by a length.

Churchill Downs President Lynn Stone looked on awkwardly as the winning owner, Mrs. Penny Tweedy, and Laurin admitted they had neglected to pay \$100 just two weeks before to nominate Upper Case for the Kentucky Derby. Was this an office mix-up or

Royal Owl, winner of seven straight, hardly worked up a sweat as Shoemaker set his record.



what? At first Laurin said, "Mrs. Tweedy believes that if she has one colt good enough for the Kentucky Derby [she owns Riva Ridge], she does not need two." But then Penny Tweedy went on to explain it wasn't quite that way: "It was my decision, and I suppose I'll be trying to live it down for a long time to come. But as a yearling on our farm, Upper Case was the star of his crop. Riva Ridge was just one of the others. Which is how things remained until they started racing. Then we knew Riva was something special. Upper Case seemed to be slower to develop, and on his breeding we thought that the Belmont Stakes and those fall distance races would suit him better. That's why I didn't nominate him for the Kentucky Derby."

Though the Florida Derby did not draw quality horses as it has in the past, the performance by Upper Case was good enough; Fountain of Youth winner Gentle Smoke finished third behind Spanish Riddle, and Calumet's Tarboosh was fourth. Laurin was asked how Upper Case compared with the still-to-start Riva Ridge. "I've got news for you,"

said the jovial ex-jockey. "Riva is 10 pounds better. I've never trained anything to compare with him. This is a long campaign, and I must be careful. I'll put three or four races into him before the Derby, and that should be enough. He has taken more time than I expected to fill out, but he's about 1,050 pounds now and I have no complaints. He's sound, and if all goes well I'll run him in the Hibiscus on March 22."

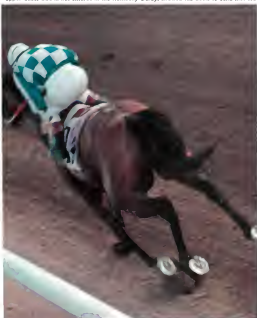
Two of the colts being touted as Riva's toughest competitors—Key to the Mint and Freetex—made their 1972 debuts in the seven-furlong Bahamas Stakes the next day at Hialeah. But instead of running one-two or even one-anything, they ran fourth and nowhere. Key to the Mint was beaten in the race by 10½ lengths, and Freetex was pulled up at the top of the stretch after his jockey felt the colt take some bad steps. The race winner was Mrs. Wallace Gilroy's New Prospect, a Never Bend colt who has now won three of his four lifetime starts. In this, his first stakes appearance, he set a dazzling track record, 1:21½, and raced nearly all the way in front. Dick Fisch-

er, his trainer, said the colt probably would skip next week's Flamingo. "It's time I taught him how to rate, to come from behind," Fischer explained. As for Key to the Mint, Trainer Elliott Burch believed the 1,200-pound bay might have lost some of his competitive spirit during his months of ease. The colt will probably wear blinkers in his next outing.

The one 3-year-old that lived up to his advance billing last week was Royal Owl, who coasted home with his ears cocked in the \$54,850 San Jacinto Stakes at Santa Anita. He is trained by canny John Canty, the Irishman who has patched together last year's Kentucky Derby favorite Unconscious and brought him back to win the important Strub and San Antonio stakes this winter. Royal Owl is not fashionably bred, at least in classic terms. He is by Crazy Kid, once the world-record holder for six furlongs (1:07½). "He may not be bred well," his jockey Bill Shoemaker said recently, "but he runs like a freak horse." Royal Owl gave Shoemaker his 555th stakes victory. It had taken Shoe 23 years to break Eddie Arcaro's mark of 554 (set during a 31-year career). Royal Owl is the hottest Derby prospect in the West, the winner of seven straight. He has been beaten only once, in his first race in which he was checked. His competition in California appears minimal, at least until an injured colt of considerable promise named MacArthur Park returns to the racing scene.

So this is a different sort of season. For years U.S. horsemen have watched 3-year-olds of classic pretensions become lame and halt long before the first Saturday in May. Think back over 20 years at the colts that raced hell-for-leather through winter campaigns and never made it to Churchill Downs. Think of Graustark, Backpasser, Turn-to, Gen. Duke. Remember Sir Gayford and First Landing? Penny Tweedy does. Her father owned them, and they ran in the same blue-and-white block Meadow Stable silks she now uses. Sir Gayford broke down the morning before the 1962 Kentucky Derby; he had been the heavy favorite. First Landing, the favorite in 1959, made it to the gate and managed to finish third, but he was taken out of training shortly thereafter. Which may be two excellent reasons for Riva Ridge—and all the rest of the 3-year-old crop—just to idle along. But until May 6, who's to know for sure. **END**

Upper Case, who is not entered in the Kentucky Derby, showed his heels to colts that are





PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER KOCS JR.

REDS WHO GO GRUNT IN THE SPRING, TRA LA

Aided by the Florida sun, Cincinnati players are just about dying to erase their image as the fat and happy failures of 1971 **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

School opened for the Cincinnati Reds in Florida last week with a few lessons in the three Rs. Remorse and regret were old companions from 1971. Everybody got an A. Redemption was the tough one. Pete Rose stood in the third-base dugout of Tampa's Al Lopez Field one afternoon and put it up on the blackboard. "To me," Rose said, "it looks like the teams in the Western Division of the National League are so equal that if you get four games behind anybody you can just about forget it. Los Angeles, San Francisco, Houston and Atlanta have good clubs. I think we've got a heck of a club." Rose paused and looked out at the empty field. "But it won't make any difference how many hits I get or how quick little Joe Morgan is on the bases if Tony Perez and Johnny Bench (see cover) don't knock us in. If they don't there won't be a Big Red Machine again."

Bench, sitting quietly beside Rose, scratched his spikes across the cement floor of the dugout and looked down. "Those runs," Bench said, "will be driven in."

Rose and Bench are two of baseball's most attractive performers and the leaders of a team that spent the spring and summer of 1971 making a colossal mess of a very fine game. "We committed every crime possible," said Rose. "Ran the bases like idiots. Didn't field. Couldn't bunt. Left guys in scoring position. Hell, we should have been put in jail!"

Bench cleared his throat. A faint smile parted his lips. "We have been," he said.

Neither man exaggerated. The Big Red Machine of 1970, winner of 102 games and a National League pennant while drawing nearly 3.5 million people, came to a blushing halt in 1971. And this spring it is paying the price in sweat and grunts. Manager George (Sparky) Anderson carries a watch in his back pocket but seldom looks at it; often the

Reds' drills have stretched to five hours. Morgan, the second baseman acquired from Houston in the off season, calls Redsland, Cincinnati's training ground, a "concentration camp."

Redsland is a huge complex of four diamonds built in a cloverleaf with an observation tower in the center. Four batting cages are in constant use. Written in red behind each Iron Mike pitching machine is a message worthy of IBM's THINKsmith: KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL. Whenever the Reds are not eyeing, they are running.

A grid of chalk lines has been put down in the outfield on one of the diamonds and the distance between the markers gets longer as the grid stretches out. The players start running in

continued



It's 1971. Reds, run for Pete Rose & Co. in the stern choreography of Sparky Anderson.

strides of 6' and continue on to 6½', 7', 7½', 8'. They huff. They puff. They sweat. They swear a lot.

If a player is seen out after 11 p.m., it is assumed that he must be walking in his sleep. Other excuses are not acceptable. Anderson has made it clear to each man in camp that he will "try to give everyone a chance. I did not say I would give everyone a chance. All I said is that I would try. I'm not going to mess everything up by being a good guy. I made that mistake last

spring. I want the players' respect, but I'm not stupid enough to think that they are just going to give it to me. Maybe I've got to work harder than they have to get it. That's O.K.

"I've grown to believe that too many people in sports today face up to a problem by walking out the back door. To heck with that. When these men go out on a baseball field they are representing the Cincinnati Reds and I'm the man with the job of manager. They have a debt to the organization and the fans to

look like people who care deeply about what they are doing."

Anderson himself cares deeply about a lot of things, including garb and grub. "If the players are so worried about their bell-bottomed trousers, let them join the Navy," was his winter advice to mod-squadders. The subject of food makes him gag.

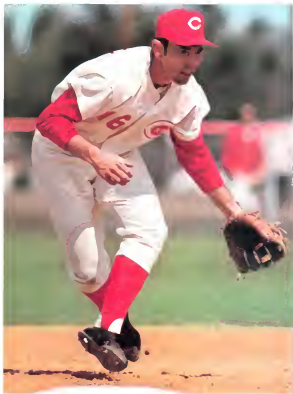
It has been suggested that the only sparks given off by the Reds of 1971 came from their knives and forks. A cast of heroes gifted with humor and good looks, the Reds of 1970 had been busy on the subsequent banquet circuit. And hogs. When they got around to spring training they were overweight and underenergetic.

Near the end of the 1971 season Anderson drew up a list of weights for the Reds for 1972. With the list came a warning: it would cost \$50 for each pound of overweight logged to Redsland. In 1971 Bench reported for spring training at 215 pounds. Anderson told his catcher to come in this year at 202. His instructions to Perez were to go from 211 to 195. Don Gullett, the 21-year-old left-hander who had a 16-6 record last season, is on the Reds' roster at 190 pounds. Anderson suggested 185. Gullett weighed in at 180. Of the 37 players working out last week the total overweight poundage came to only 27.

"The eating thing got out of hand," says Anderson. Like many clubs, the 1971 Reds had a splendid buffet set up for the players after every game. The food kept getting better, and the players learned to handle it in championship form. "One night we lost a game and looked terrible doing it," Anderson recalls. "I followed the team into the clubhouse and instead of sitting down and thinking about how poorly they had played, they just kept peeling off to the left in front of me and going into the food room. The next day I overheard one of the players asking Bernie Stowe, our clubhouse man, 'Bernie, what's to eat after the game?' That did it."

"This year there will be food on the road in the clubhouse only in those few cities where you don't want the players walking the streets at night."

Which can't hurt Bob Howsam, Cincinnati's general manager, in his new quest for speed. He has added plenty in Outfielders Ted Uhlaender and Cesar Geronimo and Infielder Morgan. All three are left-handed hitters, joining a



Denis Menke gets his legs crossed as he fields a ball but his concentration is Red-perfect.

team that had only Rose and Bernie Carbo batting left in 1971. Uhlender has been a swift baserunner in both Minnesota and Cleveland. Geronimo, it is said, is one of those phenoms who can turn off the light switch on the wall and be under the covers before the room gets dark. Morgan has stolen 131 bases in 166 attempts over the last three years.

Getting to second was never Morgan's problem; he couldn't get to first with Manager Harry Walker. "I don't know how I could have been considered a troublemaker in Houston," he says. "All I ever seemed to be doing with the Astros was breaking up fights in the clubhouse. I'm not a real fast runner like Lou Brock or Maury Wills. I never ran the 100 in a time even worth talking about. I rely on my quickness in breaking away from the bases."

It was Howsam, along with Spec Richardson, general manager of the Astros, who started the cascade of major trades at the winter meetings last November in Phoenix. Cincinnati dispatched the right side of its infield—Lee May and Tommy Helms—plus Utilityman Jimmy Stewart to the Astros for Morgan, Third Baseman Denis Menke, Pitcher Jack Billingham, Geronimo and minor leaguer Ed Armbrister.

The trading of May raised some eyebrows—and hackles. In three seasons he had 111 home runs and 302 RBIs. His majestic three-run homer in the 1970 World Series saved the Reds from being gobbled up in four straight by Baltimore. With Bobby Tolan, Rose, Perez and Bench hitting in front of him, May was often denied the publicity he should have received during the 1970 season. "They got all the handshakes," Lee used to say, "and I got all the knockdown pitches."

Last year May was Cincinnati's best player and, despite missing most of the first month of the season, he accomplished a career high of 39 home runs, plus 98 RBIs. Only Henry Aaron and Willie Stargell hit more homers. Had Howsam given up too much?

"I knew it was a controversial trade," Howsam said last week, *smoking* on a bench at Redland. "But we didn't get as many letters of criticism as I thought we would. Only about 60. We answered each one and explained that we traded May and Helms for four reasons: to acquire speed, to get some left-handed hitting, to help our pitching by giving it

more depth and to help our defense. When we explained our points 60'; of the people wrote back to say they agreed with us."

May, working out with the Astros at Cocoa Beach, Fla., denied any feeling of bitterness. "Look," he said, "I just accept it as part of the game. I can make money in Houston just as well as in Cincinnati."

May ruefully reviewed the decline and disintegration of the Big Red Machine. Some problems had appeared in the last half of the pennant year. By June 9, 1970 the Reds were 10 games up in their division and merely awaiting the victory party. At the halfway point Starting Pitchers Jim Merritt, Wayne Simpson, Jim McGlothlin and Gary Nolan had a combined won-loss record of 49-16. But in the second half they came in at 17-16.

Helms saw the loss of Bobby Tolan last season as particularly injurious. "Losing Bobby upset the balance of the whole team," Helms said. "He did so many things so well. We were never out of a game when he was in there because he could get on base and then the bombers—Perez, Bench and May—would bring him in."

Tolan believes he can be in center field on Opening Day in Cincinnati. Maybe he will. Maybe not. He tore the Achilles' tendon of his right leg while playing basketball in January 1971. After an operation there was hope that Tolan could return to the Cincinnati lineup by June. Instead of staying in Florida to run in the sunlight and try to restore strength to his leg, Tolan accompanied the team on road trips and ran in the outfield. During the first week in May he was doing just that in Dodger Stadium. "I was just running and it felt like someone threw a hall and hit me. I heard a big thump." Tolan needed a second operation and was gone for the entire year.

How good a ballplayer was Tolan in 1970? Only spectacular. He scored 112 runs, stole 57 bases, had 36 extra-base hits, 80 RBIs and an average of .316. How good is Tolan now? Only as good as a question mark. While his teammates run and grunt, he has been told to go slowly. His hope of playing the opener may be only the dream of a competitive athlete stung by the frustrations of 1971.

It has been more than a year since Tolan faced "live pitching," for which

there is no substitute, as Curt Flood discovered when he stayed out a year fighting the reserve clause and then tried to make a comeback with Washington.

"I know I have to get in against real pitching to find out about things," Tolan says. "In batting practice I'm sure some of the guys will throw so that they try to make me look good. That's just what I don't want."

One of the Reds' duller training drills gets them against phantom pitching. The batter steps into the box and imagines that a pitcher is throwing a ball into the strike zone. The hitter takes his best swing and then breaks for first base as fast as he can go. After four hitters had tried it during the first full day of workouts, boredom was setting in. Then Johnny Bench's turn came. He measured the phantom pitcher, waited for the make-believe ball, took a big cut and stood on tiptoe watching it fly over the fence. The team roared. And Johnny Bench ran like fury toward first base.

Despite the preliminary high jinks, he was running a little bit scared. It was Bench who slumped from a Most Valuable Player season of 45 home runs, 148 RBIs and a batting average of .293 to 27 homers, 61 RBIs and .238 in 1971. "They have been playing pro baseball in Cincinnati longer than any other city," he says, "and I don't think anyone ever got more boos in one year than I got last season. You try to say to yourself, 'Well, the fans paid to get in, so they have the right to boo.' You try to say that you don't hear it. I heard it. Boy, I heard it, and it hurt. I heard all those noises of feet hitting the ground from people jumping off that bandwagon."

Bench admits that he got into some awful hitting habits last season, so bad that he went to the Florida Instructional League for 10 days of work in the fall. He had been trying to pull nearly every pitch and frustration compounded his troubles. "I have to get it corrected," he says, "and I'm going to keep at it until I do."

In the early workouts Bench goes through all the demanding running exercises, plays a little first base and outfield and then catches batting practice in addition to hitting.

"I have to find out," he says, "which was Johnny Bench—the one in 1970 or the one last season. I think I have a pretty good idea now which one it is."

Your third R, Mr. Anderson? **AND**

When Bobby Fischer sits down opposite Boris Spassky next June to settle the question of whether an American has truly overtaken a Russian as the world's best chess player, it will mark a new high in awareness of the game in this country. But Fischer's smashing victories en route to the finals against the world champion may have lulled casual U.S. observers into thinking the rest of the way will be easy, too. Not so. What has gone before has no more bearing on the championship matches than a runaway pennant race has to do with the outcome of a World Series.

Fischer's opponent, in a sense, is the Soviet Union itself. In addition to the spurs of personal pride and competitiveness that will be driving Spassky, he will also be out to uphold his nation's honor in a field it has dominated for a



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID LEVINE

THE BIG BURDEN BORIS BEARS

When Russia's Spassky (above) risks his world chess title against Bobby Fischer this summer, says a man who has played them both, more than a championship will be at stake **by ROBERT BYRNE**

quarter century. He is well trained to uphold it, and even now is undergoing intensive preparation with the top chess theoreticians in the world—all of whom share his dedication to continued Soviet preeminence in chess.

Consequently, Spassky is under heavy pressure, and he is showing it. Some of the pressure comes from the Soviet Ministry of Physical Culture and Sport, which for a generation convinced the rest of the world that chess supremacy was a Russian prerogative. Last December in Moscow, Spassky's flagging spirits were conspicuously in evidence. The 35-year-old champion was competing in the month-long Alekhine Memorial Tournament along with 18 high-ranking contenders, including Tigran Petrosian, who had just returned from being clobbered by Fischer at Buenos Aires (SI, Nov. 8, 1971). A world champion is not expected to take first place every time he enters a tournament of this class, but it was not a good moment for Spassky to finish in a tie for sixth. Another bad omen was his resounding defeat by Petrosian. My own game with Spassky was drawn (I finished half a point behind him in the final standings) and it seemed to me there was a lackluster, uncertain quality to his play that had not characterized it in the past. His performance legitimately sirs some interesting speculation.

What sort of man is the champion? Spassky is not a simple person; no superior chess player is. He is a green-eyed, broad-shouldered man with reddish-brown hair who dresses with an air of studied elegance. He is 5' 10", weighs 176 pounds, has a trim figure and gives an impression, at a first meeting, of being a superior physical athlete, say a tennis or soccer player. Indeed, tennis and soccer are two of his favorite sports, but he also goes in for swimming, running and skiing.

Spassky and his second wife Larissa and their 4-year-old son live on the fifth floor of Moscow's newest and largest apartment building. He is one of the few Russians who drives a foreign car,

a bright-red Volvo he bought after Russia won the 1970 International Team Tournament in West Germany. By Soviet standards he has a good income, something in excess of 500 rubles (\$560) a month, which is five times more than the average worker gets. He could easily augment this with exhibitions and lectures, but he does not have the slightest inclination to do so, and he rarely writes on chess, although he has a degree in journalism from the University of Leningrad.

Undereath his easygoing, good-natured manner, Spassky is tough and determined. Talking with him in Moscow

last December I remarked that he seemed a natural competitor. He demurred. "No," he said, "my profession makes me so." But he knows the need for the enormous competitive effort required in top-level chess. During his first try for the world championship in 1966, when he was defeated by Petrosian (four losses, three wins and 17 draws), Spassky lost 15 pounds. In their second match, in 1969, when Spassky came back to take the title (six wins, four losses and 13 draws), he lost five pounds. After that victory his wife offered reporters a glimpse of life with a champion. "I would not like our son to play chess,

continued



because the nervous strain is too great," she said. "It was very difficult to watch all this happening."

Spassky moved into the Leningradskaya Hotel by himself for the Alekhine tournament. In the past, after his tournament games he often played bridge with his chess opponents. "We used to play every night," he said, "and my chess game did not suffer." But he did not play bridge this time.

The good wishes Spassky gets from rivals and friends in Moscow for his match with Fischer are little comfort to him. At best these sound like the sort of encouragement Columbus received before he set out on his voyage in 1492. Or, more like it, the kind the Pittsburgh Pirates would get if they were suddenly meeting a favored foreign team—say the Tokyo Giants—in the World Series for the first time. Ever since 1948, when Mikhail Botvinnik first brought the world championship to the Soviet Union after the death of Alexander Alekhine, one Soviet star after another has kept the title there. During the intervening 24 years even the challengers have come from the Soviet Union. In the circumstances, the government could well afford to remain neutral about the fate of the champion. Indeed, a periodic turnover of the championship was welcomed, so long as it was turned over to another Soviet player. Such a turnover, in the eyes of the government, demonstrated the superiority of Soviet players as a class. In international terms, the underlying idea was to use chess as a showcase in which the superiority of the Communist system could be displayed.

Chess domination by the Soviet Union is not an accidental phenomenon. Russian youth is led into the game and schooled in its subtleties much as American youngsters learn about baseball. The Russian youth competes in local chess clubs instead of Little League. He may also join a team at school, where the game is offered as part of the regular curriculum. Gifted youngsters get further encouragement through larger clubs and by entering tough regional tournaments. Eventually, such a youth might enter a chess institute for advanced players—the graduate schools of Russian chess—where he gets special instruction from the world's best players.

Even after a player has achieved international recognition he may still occasionally return to the institute for re-

resher courses, as an American touring golfer might seek out his teaching pro when his game goes sour. Yuri Balashov, who finished fourth in the last Soviet championship, returned to his chess institute for further work after making a poor showing in last year's Alekhine tournament.

A primary incentive to the Soviet chess player is money. A good player, even though hardly in Spassky's class, earns a state salary well above that of the average worker, and his schedule is arranged to avoid physical or mental strain. Such are the perquisites of a national institution.

But Fischer's victories may be changing everything—including, apparently, the tractability of the Soviet Chess Federation, which had been making an unprecedented fuss over the match site. Spassky is going into battle not as a lone combatant confronting his foremost rival, but as a towering rampart defending Soviet tradition. Bearing the standard of his country's national sport would be an oppressive psychological burden for anyone. But when added to the normal anxieties preceding a championship match, the pressure could be overwhelming.

Nor is this the only cause of Spassky's gloom these days. Fischer won the right to challenge him in a fashion so spectacular as to unnervise any opponent—six straight wins against the U.S.S.R.'s formidable Mark Taimanov, six straight against Bent Larsen of Denmark, and at Buenos Aires four straight closing wins against Petrosian. Thus, his qualifying tournament record stands at 17 wins, one loss and three draws. (Spassky, on his way to the championship in 1968 against Geller, Larsen and Korchnoi, scored 11 wins, 13 draws and one loss.)

Spassky has no intention of becoming the scapegoat in a Russian catastrophe, however. He is extraordinarily resilient, never so dangerous as in the next game after a loss. Closely related to this is his delayed-action style of chess. Unlike Fischer, who comes out at the sound of the bell ready to flatten his opponent with the first punch, Spassky is often slow to take the initiative. He does not reach full power until early in the middle game. This pattern of play has a deceptive effect, lulling his opponent into a false sense of security just when the explosion is all set to go off.

"I'm lazy," Spassky once said. "I'm like a Russian bear—calm, slow, and finding it an effort to get up." Compared to Fischer, who seems to spend every waking hour studying and analyzing, Spassky devotes no more than three or four hours a day to chess analysis. But Fischer works alone, while Spassky has a marvelous team to carry on for him.

Presiding over the group is Igor Bondarevsky, 58, a former Soviet champion who has been Spassky's coach for the past decade. Bondarevsky came into Spassky's life at a low point in his career. In the world student championship in Leningrad in 1960, playing first board, Spassky was decisively beaten by William Lombardy of the U.S. in only 29 moves, a loss that won the tournament for the American team. Spassky was blamed for the Soviet defeat. He also quarreled with his coach, the brilliant but domineering Alexander Tolush, and the pressures of divorce proceedings from his first wife further disconcerted him. Finally he was so out of favor with Soviet chess authorities that he was forbidden to play abroad for three years. "Bondarevsky did a lot not only for my chess knowledge but for my character," Spassky once said. "He has a very happy family life, and he is a man of strong character."

Spassky is unwilling to disclose the separate functions of the members of his advisory team, but Bondarevsky seems to be in charge of overall match strategy and, in particular, the task of determining what type of formation is best adapted to countering the individual psychology of each opponent. It was said in Moscow that Bondarevsky was responsible for Spassky's brilliant use of the ancient Tarrasch Defense when he won the championship from Petrosian in 1969. Certainly Spassky has been extraordinarily skillful at playing on his rivals' weaknesses. But what will Bondarevsky suggest for the games against Fischer, who does not seem to have any obvious weakness?

Another member of Spassky's group is Nikolai Krogius, 41, a mild-mannered, scholarly statistical psychologist, and a frequent opponent of Spassky's in his early career. Krogius has been cast in a Svengali role by some, but his real function seems far more mundane. Spassky once was asked exactly what Krogius did on his team. "He gives homework

continued

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advice and platitudes," answered the champion, "to which the rest of its listeners with rapt attention."

For analysis of openings and end games during adjournments, Spassky has acquired the services of Yefim Geller (also once coached by Bondarevsky) and Geller's assistant, Ivo Nei. During the 1962 International Team Championship at Varna, in the first meeting between Botvinnik and Bobby Fischer, the game was adjourned with Botvinnik in a difficult position. When the adjournment was played off, Botvinnik escaped with a draw, and he gave Geller the credit for having discovered in overnight analysis the way to equalize the game. Between them, Geller and Nei have an enormous amount of expertise on a broad spectrum of openings.

Bondarevsky says that Spassky will beat Fischer. But most Soviet experts are skeptical or noncommittal. Botvinnik has said that however the match turns out, Fischer and Spassky will continue to have seesaw battles for a decade. A Yugoslav journalist found Petrosian playing a slot machine at the Moscow Writers' Club after his lopsided loss to Fischer and asked him the obvious question: "The world waits for a new king on the chess throne," Petrosian replied, "I cannot say who that will be, nor am I able to forecast the future. Is Fischer really a chess genius? I am absolutely sure he is not."

Viktor Korchnoi says that Fischer will win because Spassky is lazy. Spassky's most brilliant supporter is the former world champion Mikhail Tal, who says, "Bobby won't have it so easy against Spassky."

In spite of the underlying Soviet pessimism, Spassky's fears and Fischer's fabulous feats, Tal is right. With Spassky's dogged defense and formidable attacking power, Fischer could not find a tougher opponent. Spassky and Fischer have played five tournament games in the past. Spassky won three, and two were drawn, but all were played before Fischer's sensational winning streak began. Long ago Spassky remarked that one thing that made him less vulnerable than Fischer was his ability to accept defeat. When asked how he avoided being discouraged and could snap back after a bad beating in a given game, he replied that this was his secret and he was going to keep it. The secret is something Fischer must bear in mind. **END**

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Meet Shane Gould, 15, of Sydney, who wears braces, is in a daze from *Wuthering Heights* and holds five world swimming records

SHE'S ON TOP DOWN UNDER

If the housewives caring for their kids at Sydney's noisy Ryde Swimming Centre had been less absorbed in the latest gossip one recent Monday afternoon, they might have noticed a 15-year-old girl climb from one of the five outdoor pools, then give a little yawn. This episode took on interest because of the 72-point type the Australian press had been investing in the news that the girl, Shane Gould, had special gifts as a swimmer. SHANE SEEKS IMPOSSIBLE FEAT! the headlines would typically report, and next morning they would chorus: SHANE DOES IT AGAIN! Preoccupied housewives notwithstanding, Shane Gould was hardly lacking for attention.

On this day, as she ascended with a yawn from the pool following her afternoon workout, it was Shane's weary fate to face still another wave of jour-

nalists, the immediate group including a couple of the hometown Sydney boys, a reporter-photographer team from the Brisbane *Sunday Mail* and others from as far away as the U.S. and Switzerland. During her sudden emergence as the world's best woman swimmer, Shane had displayed a composure amounting to nonchalance, but the constant presence of so many newsmen sometimes reached her. "They keep coming, and there's no end to them," she had complained more than once. "They've taken hundreds of pictures, thousands—and they still want more."

Shane's reaction to today's visitors was to go sensibly about her business. It was summer in Australia, a holiday from school, and she and her Ryde Swimming Club teammates were enjoying a day off from the New South Wales cham-

pionships, a 10-day affair that had begun the previous weekend. As the cameramen trained their lenses on her at poolside, she wrapped her wide shoulders in a towel, then drew herself up to her full 5'7½" so as to commend her damp hair to the sun. The pictures, when seen later, would reveal a leggy adolescent with well-made features under a cascade of silver-blond hair. A careful look would disclose, behind a pouty mouth, braces on the teeth. The photos would be suitable for Qantas ads promoting travel in the antipodes, for it was clear that Shane Gould was on her way to becoming a true, tawny-hued Australian beauty.

Neither was it difficult to imagine why she yawned. In the months leading up to this meet, Shane had equalled or broken all five standard world freestyle records and was now stalking similar rec-



ing of 58.9 set by countrywoman Dawn Fraser in 1964. The next day Shane broke the 200-freestyle record, one she would lower later in the year to 2:05.8 in a race otherwise memorable for a horrendous start that left her still on the block as the other girls hit the water. There followed in orderly sequence world freestyle marks at 400 meters (4:21.2), 800 (8:58.1) and 1,500 (17:00.6). Her swim in the 1,500, which lopped 18.6 seconds off the previous record, would have won the men's event in the Olympics as recently as 1964.

Along with haste in the water, Shane was demonstrating faith in her own destiny, a quality that surfaced as early as November 1970 when she submitted to wearing braces only on the promise they be off by the 1972 Games. Just another Olympic hopeful at the time, she has dutifully accepted her orthodontist appointments ever since, trudging up a narrow stairway above a health-food store and into a cramped waiting room furnished with romance comics titled *Love in the Wild and Sp. Spell*. All the while, her confidence reached new heights. "I feel like I could have gone a 'teenth' faster," she said after every record swim. "I don't think I've begun to swim my best times."

As Australians read of her deeds over their morning chops and eggs, Shane became a national heroine. Her 1,500-meter record, set Dec. 12 in a small interclub meet at Sydney's Birrong Pool, attracted 3,000 spectators, half of whom, having seen what they came for, went home following her swim, passing up later events on the program. Even before Tass and UPI (Europe) honored Shane as sports-woman of 1971, her parents were spending \$5 a week in postage to answer fan mail that arrived at their suburban Sydney home from abroad. The Goulds also felt compelled to get a silent line, Australiased for an unlisted phone number, because of calls from strange young men of the kind who ring up late at night and whisper, "It's James' ere. A'd like to speak to Shane."

All this excitement had built to a climax the previous Saturday, the opening

night of the New South Wales meet, the specific occasion being a bid by Shane to break the 100-meter record she still shared with the retired Dawn Fraser. If she could do so, it would end Dawn's almost unbelievable 16-year hold on the 100, a monopoly that began when she first broke the record in 1956 and continued as she lowered it 10 times more. It would make Shane the first woman to hold every world freestyle record outright since an American named Helene Madison did it in the 1930s.

Before the meet Shane's father had put a sign on her bedroom door at home—HER 588 CLUB—signifying the time (58.8) his daughter needed. Coach Carlile freely predicted she would break the record. Shane, always withdrawn before important races, seemed even more so this time. "I think and rethink a race," she explained later. "Sometimes people start a conversation. I don't want to hurt their feelings, but I don't hear them." As if these powers of concentration did not give her enough of a dreamy quality, Shane had her nose in a book every free minute; she read four novels the week before the 100, classics all, and said of one of them, *Waiting for Godot*, "It was so full of emotion, I was in a daze."

On the day of the race there were requests, all declined by Carlile, from 10 photographers, each interested in shooting Shane "relaxing at home." That night 5,000 fans, the largest crowd to attend a swim meet in Australia in a decade, overflowed North Sydney pool, the Depression-era facility in which Fraser had set her 58.9. The pool is located at the foot of Harbour Bridge, the arched, steel-girded landmark that dominates Sydney Harbour like some fantastic Erector-set creation, and hundreds of people who had been turned away at the door lined the bridge's walkway to watch the race from a lofty distance. Other Australians looked in on a special nationwide TV hookup.

Under these conditions, Shane showed a rare flash of schoolgirl emotion. At the urgent request of the TV producers, meet officials had agreed at the last min-

continued

use to rearrange the program so as to move up the featured 100 by half an hour. Word of the change somehow never reached Shane, who was preparing for the race by doing rope-pulling exercises in a cluttered storage room. A moment or two before race time, a meet official walked in. "Better get to the starting block," he told her.

Shane looked up, a cloud forming on her normally impassive face. Her lips trembled and her blue eyes welled over. "Why didn't anybody tell me?" she sobbed.

Shane later said, "It was like asking a car that stands out in the cold to accelerate without warming up." (Other figures of speech have infiltrated her talk, an apparent effect of her reading, as when she told an Australian reporter that the 100 "is the one with all the ribbons around it.") But by the time she reached the starting block, Shane was dry-eyed. Her hands hung loosely at her side, communicating by some mysterious process with the rest of her body. She inhaled deeply, as if to savor one last vertical moment before going horizontal in the water. The crowd cheered when the gun sounded and was still cheering when a smiling Shane Gould reached the winner's platform. The time was 58.5, almost half a second under the old record.

All of which explains why Shane was tired after her Monday-afternoon practice at Ryde Swimming Centre. It also accounts for the concern of her father, who stopped to pick her up on the way home from his duties as marketing manager of East West Airlines, a commuter carrier with offices in Sydney's central business district. After his white Falcon had pulled alongside the double-deck buses moving on busy Victoria Road, Ron Gould asked, "Did you take a nap today, Shane?"

Shane was riding in the back, her seat belt secured. "I tossed and turned a lot," she said. "I was in bed three hours, but I only had my eyes closed for two."

Her father, a bespectacled man with a carefully groomed look about him, fidgeted with the radio dial. He lingered on a news account of a storm that had caused flooding farther up the coast in Queensland. Then he switched to music. "What about the other hour?"

"I was reading *The Red Badge of Courage*—ever hear of it? Besides, it was too hot in my room."

"Why didn't you open the window?"

"I guess I was too excited to sleep."

Gould let the subject drop, affirming by his silence that his daughter had reason to be tired and excited, and the car pulled into a driveway. The Goulds live in Pymble, one of the privileged suburbs on Sydney's verdant north shore, an area linked to the city by electric train. The majority of the homes in the neighborhood are built of red brick, while the Goulds' is a frame structure, but it otherwise conforms in most particulars: one-story, orange-tiled roof, small lawn bordered by gardens. It does not seem large from the road, but is roomy enough for each of the four Gould daughters to have her own bedroom.

All the girls are involved in swimming, but their rooms offer few hints of this interest. The one belonging to 8-year-old Jennifer, a breaststroker of promise, is adorned with little floral prints. Debbie, three years older and currently less keen about pursuing her swimming than, say, seeing the Melbourne Cup, has graced her walls with drawings of horses. Eighteen-year-old Lynette, a \$1.25-an-hour swim coach who has retired from competition, has tacked up a Peter Fonda poster that Shane brought back from her trip to London. Shane's room is equally unreluctant. Besides the club \$88 sign, there were on this day two or three trophies on display, hardware that would not fit in the bulging suitcase under the bed.

Perhaps oddly, the lawn outside was where clues abounded to the presence of swimmers. There was, for example, a great array of bath towels on the clothesline. Then, too, the Goulds had begun the practice of planting trees in honor of Shane's feats, much as Australians once named a daffodil after Dawn Fraser. The gardening was the province of Shane's mother, and, after she finished serving her daughters their dinner of roast lamb, Shirley Gould went outside. She stepped over a garden hose strewn on the lawn and past a cage housing a guinea pig named Fluffy, part of a family menagerie that includes Tiki the cat and Libby, a 1½-year-old beagle.

A dark-haired, trimly attractive woman, Shirley Gould pointed out a young juniper that commemorated the 100-meter swim in London, what she identified as a variegated pittosporum honoring the 200 record and a grevillea for the 400. Then, in the front yard, she abruptly

ly ended the tour. "We haven't anything for the 800 or 1,500 yet," she apologized. "It's all happened too fast."

If Shane Gould remains in form, her mother may require the help of a full-time gardener. To hear Australians discuss the matter, Shane is a cinch to win anywhere from four to seven gold medals when she gets her teeth—braceless, presumably—into this summer's Olympics. If they are right, the Aussies could enjoy their best showing since they took eight of 13 swimming gold medals at the 1956 Olympics in Melbourne.

By coincidence, it was on the day after those Olympics began, Nov. 23, 1956, that Shane Elizabeth Gould was born in Sydney. Shane's Christian name, a variation of the Welsh name *Shan*, was suggested to the Goulds by their neighbors at the time, tennis star Lew Hoad and his wife Jennifer. Ron Gould's father had immigrated to Australia from Wales after World War I, and the idea of a Welsh name had appeal, even though the success of an earlier Alan Ladd Western, *Shane*, has made it necessary ever since to wage what Ron Gould calls "a public-relations campaign to feminize it."

The Goulds then lived, as did the Hoads, in a two-story apartment building in Sydney's Rose Bay area, a neighborhood that Shane visited on Wednesday during the New South Wales tournament. She had competed in heats that morning, and afterward had been accompanied by her mother to a fitting for a new dress she would wear on an upcoming round of awards banquets, at each of which she would be named sportswoman of the year, outpacing another teenager, tennis-playing Evonne Goolagong. Shane was excited about the dress, a softly gathered, full-length original of Italian silk crepe, so much so that when she and her mother arrived at the designer's studio, they were nearly half an hour early for their appointment.

Shirley Gould suggested that they use the time to visit their old apartment building, only a few minutes away. On the drive to Rose Bay, Shane was able to recall a couple of things about the neighborhood, even though the Goulds had lived there only until she was three. One was a "great steep hill" where Shane had ridden a trike. Another was a "great, huge, deep" swimming pool belonging to a neighbor. They arrived at the building, prettily situated near the

continued

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head of Sydney Harbour, and got out. Shane was puzzled. The hull, which led past the apartment building down to the water, was not as menacing as she had thought. It was the same when she got to the pool, a boy's affair that Shane could have negotiated with two strokes. "It's funny how everything seems so much grander when you're little," she said.

Shane had lived at Rose Bay until Pan American Airways, her father's employer at the time, transferred him to the Fiji Islands, where the family spent the next six years in a thatched-roof house near Nadi Airport. To hear her parents tell it, Shane went the way of Rima the bird girl. Unusually hyperactive, a tomboy in the extreme, she swung bare-toed from a tire hung from a mango limb and shinned coconut palms with the natives. When they returned to Australia in 1966, the Goulds decided to channel their 9-year-old daughter's energies into swimming. Once she was settled in Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, Shane began toppling age-group records.

The Goulds moved from Queensland to Sydney in early 1970. There she began training with Carlile, coach at the time of Karen Moras, Australia's ranking woman swimmer. Shane soon found herself logging 30 miles a week in workouts, double her weekly distances in Brisbane. It was at this point that she developed her now celebrated two-beat kick, so called because it involves only two shallow kicks to each cycle of the arms, a far less active leg action than the powerhouse four-beat crossovers and booming six-beats that have predominated for years.

The original Australian crawl 60 years ago featured a two-beat kick, but that was a heavy, bent-knee action. In the mid-1960s, persuaded that the arm stroke might be more important than the kick over a long race, distance swimmers began toning down their kicks, in some cases all the way to a gentle, straight-legged two-beat. The main role of the legs in this technique is to provide balance rather than propulsion, to help keep the body high in the water and facilitate a quick, elbow-high entry with little "glide" between strokes. Carlile was enthusiastic about the two-beat, and his distance swimmers, including Karen Moras, were drilled in it.

The arrival of Shane Gould posed a

problem. Both out of personal preference and lack of stamina, she had concentrated on shorter distances up to that time, yet no successful sprinter had ever used the two-beat. Today both Shane and her father believe she was already employing the kick naturally, but Carlile claims that she actually had an "undetermined broken-tempo kick." Despite his feelings about the two-beat, Carlile wavered: "I was afraid to commit a good sprinter to it," he recalls. "There was no precedent." He put Shane on a kickboard intensively in hopes of getting her to use her legs more, but she had difficulty doing so—a handicap her coach happily came to regard as a great strength. Left alone, Shane fell quickly into the pure two-beat of her new Ryde teammates.

Carlile now predicts that there will be a "widespread rejection" of high-kicking even among sprinters, and his protégée's stunning success has already sent many coaches back to the drawing boards. But voices of caution are heard. George Haines, the successful coach at the Santa Clara (Calif.) Swim Club, says, "The two-beat seems to work for Shane, but it depends on the individual." Sherm Chavoort, who will coach the U.S. women at Munich, declares, "It's O.K. only if you're able to keep your body flat the way Shane does, and if you compensate with a strong pull." And Don Talbot, who will coach the Australian Olympic team, says flatly, "Our great sprinters will always be big kickers. Shane? She's not a sprinter. She's a distance swimmer."

It is difficult to know for sure whether Talbot is right, so quickly did Shane, as she gained strength, move up from the sprints to distance events. One immediate victim was Karen Moras, who seemed about to succeed Debbie Meyer as the fastest woman afloat when she found herself being overtaken in—of all places—her home pool. Australian swimming is inhabited by the same sort of dewy-eyed noddies and ambitious parents so familiar in the U.S., and trouble was probably unavoidable. Karen and Shane were played off one against the other, and older Ryde swimmers, resenting the newcomer, openly cheered against Shane in meets.

In January 1971, six months after Shane's arrival, Karen abruptly dropped Carlile as her coach and switched to Talbot. In an unusually candid TV inter-

view, the compact, freckle-nosed teenager implied that Carlile had paid more attention to Shane and that she, Karen, had been reduced to a "workhorse" for the younger girl. "I couldn't stand the rivalry," Karen said. For her part, Shane told the same interviewer how the two of them would "eye each other at the pool" and admitted that she used to be in bed at night, telling herself, "I'm going to beat Karen Moras."

That vow was fulfilled at the Australian championships a year ago when Shane won four national titles, outdistancing Karen for two of them. A couple of months later the two girls left with a group of Australian swimmers on a European trip. They roomed together at one point and became, if not close, what both now call "pretty good friends." It was on this trip, in London, that Shane got her first world records at 100 and 200 meters, while the gritty Karen worked in one last lick by outswimming Shane for a world record of her own in the 400. That was the last freestyle de-

continued



SHANE GETS FITTED FOR A NEW DRESS

feat for Shane, who took away Karen's 400 record two months later at the Santa Clara International meet in California.

In assessing Shane's success, Carlile has the good sense to stop short of giving all the credit to the two-beat kick. He also cites Shane's powerful shoulders and chest, which he suggests were strengthened by her Fiji tree climbing. "Tree climbing involves the same muscles as swimming," he says. As the one who gives Shane her rubdowns, his wife and co-coach Ursula Carlile is glad to elaborate. "She has very specific, well-defined muscles," Mrs. Carlile says. "They're not soft like most girls' muscles, but they're not heavy and bulky like a boy's, either. With Shane it's almost like a thoroughbred. You have the impression she can damage easily."

For all the talk of tendons and technique, Shane's most important asset is undoubtedly her tenacity, a quality that was on repeated display during the weather-marred closing days of the New South Wales meet. The storm that had battered Queensland earlier had moved down to Sydney. One night it was raining so hard that the outline of Harbour Bridge was barely visible from the North Sydney pool. Seated under a leaky roof was a 16-year-old backstroke named John Williams, a Ryde teammate whose ring Shane Gould had been wearing for months. Having long since learned about his girlfriend's fierce concentration, John was discreetly sitting with other friends. "I try to stay out of Shane's way before a race," he said. "We had a bit of a quarrel about that at first."

It was still raining the next afternoon when Shane, having easily won her two events the night before, arrived for practice. She worked hard, joining in no giggling with the other girls and chatting very little between laps, not even with John. The workout was in sharp contrast with the two recent occasions when Carlile had ordered Shane out of the water for loafing. Her explanation had been revealing: "When Forbes punishes you, it shows you're one of the group. You're not a goody-goody."

Sure of Shane's dedication, Carlile is able to bear up under those moments when she seems determined to be an ordinary teen-ager. A mild man, with matted-down hair that makes him appear almost monkish, he grumbles only half-heartedly about the occasional cream cakes that keep Shane's weight at a shade

over the 126 pounds he favors. Nor did he protest unduly when she let her close-cropped hair grow so long that it now can be drawn into two small bunches in the back. And whenever Shane and John go sailing in Sydney Harbour on the Williams family's 26-foot sloop, *Sirius*, Carlile just shrugs. "Sailing tires her out," he complains, "but I never find out till afterward."

The greatest liberties are those Shane takes with the Ryde training program of daily two-hour workouts both before and after school. The first session begins at 4:45 a.m., which leaves Shane enough time afterward to eat breakfast, change into her school uniform—bowler hat, checked dress and anklets—and cram in half an hour of studying before classes begin at nine at Turramurra High, a modern school overlooking a wildlife preserve ablaze with blossom-laden eucalyptus trees. An above-average student, Shane manages to stay well ahead in her homework, casually reading some assignments while lying in bed and bicycling her legs overhead. But she misses three or four workouts a week, usually at the insistence of her parents, whose efforts to restrain their child contrast with those of swim parents who are always prodding. "We want swimming to be a part of Shane's life," her father says. Indeed, when there was talk that the Olympics would keep Shane out of school for 12 or 13 weeks, Ron Gould was quoted as saying he might not let her go to Munich. To keep her away from practice, the Goulds have been known to sneak into her bedroom and turn off her alarm clock. "I'm glad to sleep later some mornings," Shane says, although she also recounts the time she crossed up her parents by awakening without an alarm and calling friends to pick her up.

In protecting their daughter, Ron and Shirley Gould have also reminded sports-writers making demands on her time. "Now remember, she's 15 years old." Despite that plea, pressures are mounting. After Shane told reporters that she would drop the 1,500 (a non-Olympic distance) because it was "too grueling," a letter arrived from one Australian insisting that "for the good of her country" she must become the first woman to break 17 minutes in the event. The Olympics will bring even greater expectations, as Don Talbot recognizes when he warns, "If Shane wins only two gold medals, the world won't be satisfied."

From the way she coasted through the New South Wales meet, Shane seems, for now, equal to any pressure. She finished that week winning eight events, setting one world record and four Australian records, an especially impressive performance considering the rainfall, which amounted to nearly 10 inches over the meet's final days. But the crowds, their enthusiasm spent on Shane's 100-meter record, greeted each subsequent triumph with the most perfunctory applause. Meanwhile, a strange new word was creeping into the newspapers. It was the verb "to fail," as in "Shane Gould failed last night to set a record in the 100 butterfly."

In the future, it is likely that the records will come more slowly for Shane. Not even Forbes Carlile could flatly discount the danger that his swimmer might be peaking too early in an Olympic year. "It is possible, I suppose," he says, "but we hope we'll have her so far ahead that she can do less than her best and still win."

Before the 400 freestyle swim on Saturday night, her final individual event of the championships, Shane addressed herself to the future, too. "I'm just swimming to win races from now on," she said. "Not to set records. If a record comes—well, whoopee!"

The 400 was held—naturally—in the rain, with only the spectators' gaily colored umbrellas offering any relief from the gloom that had long since settled over the pool. The field included Karen Moras, who said, "My ambition is to beat Shane in any event—even if I'm 80 when I do it." Reluctant to wait quite that long, Karen went out fast and Shane Gould, pressed hard, hit the 100-meter turn a "teenth" below her own world-record pace. It developed that she had gone too fast, at least as far as any new record was concerned, but she did succeed in shaking Karen.

In a demonstration of will as much as speed, Shane moved cleanly along, her two-beat kick so faint that it left virtually no wake. She hit the wall in 4:25.9, almost five seconds over her record, but she was a good nine meters in front of Karen Moras. As the swimmers lifted themselves from the pool, somebody produced an umbrella to shield Shane Gould from the rain with which she had so much in common. Bosh had stormed down from Queensland, and neither seemed ready to let up quite yet.

END

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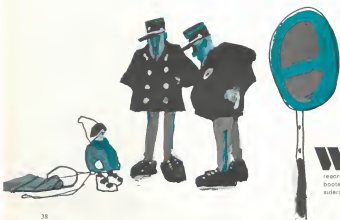
Who lost the least?	
	-\$814
	-\$812
	-\$736
	-\$723
	-\$686
	-\$449

^a1970 Volkswagen Sedan 161 suggested retail price + 0.6 local tax and 0.12 title fee = \$1,791.70. Source: U.S. Department of Commerce, Bureau of Economic Analysis, *Current Population Reports*, Series C-10, 1970, Table 10-10.



LA BELLE SCHUSS INTO LA SWELL FRANCE

He slipped into France unnoticed: a large, close-cropped, friendly looking sort in rumpled ski togs, and he toured all the chic resorts, places like Courchevel, La Plagne, Flaine, Megève and Val d'Isère, mingling with those elegant types who look so ferociously French. Nobody knew it was Bill Charmatz, illustrator, cartoonist and incisive capturer of moods and scenes. Working with camera and sketchbook—and later with expressive splashes of acrylic paints—he caught the country off guard and unposed, like the professeur de ski at right, who tended to exaggerate his every move so that the effect was not so much instructional as intimidating. In three anonymous weeks, our own French connection did more than discover the mood. He documented forever that the best-dressed and best-coiffed folks at these resorts were the nonskiers. Any American in this modish setting tends to look clumsy. And, sure enough, Charmatz fell heavily once. Not swiveling down the craggy Alpine slopes—but in slinking into Courchevel's Club St. Nicolas to sketch the frenzied scene that appears on the last page of this portfolio.



What is this? A sled at a ski resort? While mon petit walls, two booted gendarmes give due consideration to this special problem.





The posturing at the finish line of the men's downhill in the French National Championships at La Plagne (below) contrasts with the color and informality of the other stops on Chermetz' Alpine ski tour. Clockwise from lower left, he captures the bustle of the lunch break at a local bistro, the loading of an Air-Alpes monoplane where getting there is more than half the fun, a ski instructor using the assembly-line approach with her collection of bébé-skieurs, and a local farmer bemused by the changes that skiing has wrought in his district.









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tume and wiggles all round the curves

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♦ The people-to-people program got a marital twist in Lake Placid, N.Y., recently when some local folks got together and presented a wedding gown to **Gallina Karelin**, the Soviet pairs figure-skating gold medalist, at the World University Winter Games. The 22-year-old skater, who modeled the gown for store owner **Irving Altsman**, plans to marry in Moscow this spring. The Lake Placidites thought their gesture would also "balance off what President Nixon is doing with China."

The Houston Bruins' defense—led by **Bobby Orr**, **Ted Green** and **Dallas Smith**—may have gained its stature recently when the team acquired **Carol Vadnais** from the California Golden Seals, but they have obviously opened some gaping holes for the punsters by fielding a line made up of **Web** and **Carol** and **Ted** and **Dallas**.

Terry Daniels got a quick but forceful lesson from **Joe Frazier** last January and, not surpris-

ingly, is currently rethinking his commitment to boxing. In the meantime he has the resources, from his \$40,000 share of the purse, to relax, do some skiing, and play a little golf. College? Well, he has not returned to SMU because he feels the Frazier fight "opened bigger and better doors" for him. "I'm laying around waiting for an opportunity to slap in the face," Daniels remarked last week.

It has been quite an off season for pro football coaches—off more for some than for others.

The Rams' **Tommy Prothro** competed in the Mexican National Bridge Tournament in Mexico City. Prothro, a life master, and partner **Harold Givner**, a mortgage broker, fared better than the second-place Rams—the six-man team on which they played blitzed their foes 8-0.

Alex Webster of the Giants felt he was the one who got blitzed last December after ex-Yankee and ABC Sports Announcer **Jim Bouton** ran the film of a Webster interview on his program—backwards. What Bouton hoped was to have the sound running backwards, too, but technical difficulties wiped him out. Anyhow, Webster promptly slapped Bouton and ABC with a \$1.5 million lawsuit. Bouton followed up last week by running film clips of the legal papers being served on himself. That footage was accompanied by sound—mostly yawns.

The question is, did **Ed Hughes** quit as head coach of the Houston Oilers last December, or was he fired by Owner **Bud Adams**? Until the NFL decides who did what to whom, Hughes cannot collect on the remaining four years of his five-year contract, and with a wife and five kids at home, that is a matter of more than middling concern. To keep

his brood fed, therefore, Hughes has gone to work on a Houston assembly line turning out truck trailers. There is one bright note in all this. From now on whenever anyone talks about holes big enough to drive a truck through, Hughes will know what they mean.

The *New York Times* **James Reston** traveled all the way to China to have postoperative acupuncture treatment following an appendectomy. Now it turns out that **Sadden Sam McDowell**, the hard-throwing left-hander who was traded from the Indians to the Giants, got acupuncture, or whatever it's called, as early as last spring training—and he hopes to get another treatment this year. "Acupuncture broke the adhesions and loosened up my arm," said McDowell. Too bad it didn't do anything for his control: he led the league in walks last year! 153. Maybe he needs *acupuncture*.

♦ **Tom Landry** should skip this page. Even though **Walt Garrison** has managed to survive a couple of seasons of local rodeo, pictures like this one of the Dallas Cowboys' running back bulldozing a steer on a ranch

at Frisco, Texas can scarcely be reassuring to a coach. Look at it this way, Tom: after wrestling an enraged steer, what terrors can a few Dolphins hold?

While staying at a New York hotel, **Sam Caruthers**, of the California International Track Club, heard gentle snoring in his room during the night. "Who is it?" asked the pole vaulter groggily. "Just clearing up," said a voice, which Caruthers assumed was coming from a housekeeper. In the morning Caruthers discovered how much the "housekeeper" had cleaned up: his wallet was completely empty.

If **Bill Bradley**, the cerebral forward for the New York Knicks, decides to run for state treasurer in Missouri, as is rumored, let's hope he reads financial reports better than he does airline schedules. On the eve of a game in Buffalo last week, Bradley missed the team plane when he went to the wrong New York airport. He made the game, but got a \$100 fine from Coach **Red Holman**, about which Bradley refused to comment. In fact, the only thing he would tell an inquiring reporter was, "You've got a stupid job."



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Nothing could be finer these days than to be in North Carolina and inquire whether that state's mystery team will ever sign in, please. Can the Tar Heels who were ranked No. 2 in all the land and the Tar Heels who finished the regular season with only a .500 road record in their own league and the Tar Heels who were rubbed out by N.C. State and the Tar Heels who destroyed Duke—can all these be the same Tar Heels?

Uh, huh. All of this happened to the team last week, which was surprising only because the Atlantic Coast Conference usually waits until after the season to initiate a Looney Tunes scenario with its annual tournament. Undoubtedly, there will be more nonsense during that roulette-inspired travesty this week, but for sheer surprise North Carolina's most recent two games were enough.

In Raleigh on Tuesday, against a North Carolina State team they had already beaten twice by a combined total of 54 points, the Tar Heels stumbled. After 7' 4" Tom Burleson fouled out for the Wolfpack, teammate Paul Coder came in to score the last seven State points in an 85-84 victory.

Back in friendly Chapel Hill on Saturday, North Carolina took on a Duke team that, following several player resignations, had sailed into respectability while resembling the crew of the good ship *Caine*. Avenging a midseason loss, Carolina routed the Blue Devils 93-69 in a contest whose only shock was that the whole Duke team did not quit, leaving Coach Bucky Waters wondering how Captain Queeg would have handled it.

Last week's windup gave the Tar Heels the ACC regular-season championship for the second straight year (their fifth in the last six years) and a 21-4 record. Coach Dean Smith has now won 146 games in the last six years, including, at one point, three ACC tournaments and Eastern Regional championships in a row. The school bombed out of the NCAA tournament in two of those years, however, and the brightest memory remaining is of Tar Heel fans serenading their team with the cheer, "We're Number Four."

On the way back this season, North Carolina has undergone some revolutionary alterations that have pleasantly threatened the concepts of the college game while turning the team into a veritable Clockwork Orange of an athletic machine. Indeed, from the way his players line up and cavort out there in Car-

michael Auditorium, nobody seems to know whether Smith is running a track meet, a hockey match or a touch football game. The Tar Heels platoon, shadowbox, change lines, free substitute, huddle all over the place, Z-out, flare-in, hook-back, face-off, stand up, sit down, fight, fight, fight. They use cross patterns, hit and run, run and jump, jump and slide, zone cover, play man-to-man, flash interesting hand and arm signals, yell numbers, cross-check, sprint around during breaks in the action, use at least 47 players and, in general, show off just about every sporting pastime there is except the sand wedge from 20 yards.

As if all this were not enough to drive opponents into stir, the Heels, as they are affectionately known, wear V-neck uniforms, bright blue shoes and terrific knee socks with numbers painted on them (you can't tell the players without their Supphose). They are led by two sore backs in backcourt, a "Ukrainian mystic" at forward, and a tall, dark stranger named McAdoo everywhere else, and they are accompanied by the shortest cheerleader on record, Miss Annis Arthur, an honest-to-goodness dwarf. As they say in Chapel Hill, it is the year of the big man and the tiny lady; they also say McAdoo *rawd*.

All of this madness has not been restricted to native soil. During the Christmas holidays, North Carolina flew to Madrid and won the Torneo Internacional de Navidad de Baloncesto; then, five days later and 4,600 miles away, won the Sugar Bowl classic in New Orleans—a Spanish-French connection of major proportions.

Of all his successes so far, Smith's record last season may have been his best. Working under the shadow of public ridicule as the man who lost Tom McMillen in a recruiting war, he finished 26-6 and won the National Invitation Tournament in New York. "You know, it's the first time I've ever managed to

end a season with a victory," he says.

This winner has been similarly prosperous, if only because Smith went out and got himself another Mac—slim and smooth Robert McAdoo, a 6' 9" native of Greensboro. The junior-college transfer has fit admirably into Smith's complicated defensive patterns and is leading the team with 20 points a game, although at times he seems to be McAdoo about nothing. In three earlier defeats he looked lost at Princeton, shot one for 12 at Duke and committed a stupid foul at Maryland that gave the Terrapins the winning free throw. "I find myself sometimes thinking too much instead of just playing," he says of the stringent Carolina system. The coach has a passion for game films, from which he charts 23 different categories of player performance, leading to such locker-room howlers as, "What kind of practice today, boys—one- or two-reeler?"

Still, anyone witnessing the Tar Heels constantly saluting one another and giving teammates standing ovations at the bench can see that Smith gets through to his men. Opposing coaches marvel at the team's morale, which is obtained, in part, by the use of substitutes.

Though four starters returned from last season—the bad-backed Guards George Karl and Steve Previs, Forwards Dennis Wuycik and Bill Chamberlain—North Carolina sends out 12 men to play every game. Two of the reserves, senior Kim Hubbard and sophomore Wobby Jones, have started a total of 12 games while the remaining five enter each contest as a unit, often to ferocious catcalls and caning howlings on hostile courts.

"We're the tall blues," says Craig Corbin, tallest of the subs. "Like in Pabst Blue Ribbon tall blues—we're always popping." The starters nod in agreement, conceding that the team that drinks together plays together.

Forwards Wuycik and Chamberlain, both 6' 6", are contrasts to the core.

continued

Head over heels in love

North Carolina is flipping with team spirit. Now, if everybody can just master the shadowbox and the hook-back, the Heels could go places



CAN DO McADOO DOES AGAINST DUKE (LEFT); MYSTIC WUYCIK SPURNS N.C. STATE

Wuycik is the mystic, a handsome, silent type who conceals a wry sense of humor. When asked by school publicists to name his favorite film actress, Wuycik offered, "the beautiful Pasha Bird." And that is the way it went into the press brochure—"Pasha Bird," who happens to be a dog owned by Wuycik's girl friend.

Chamberlain, the most valuable player in last year's NIT and a sturdy individualist, was suspended by Smith early this year for challenging his discipline. "I've always had trouble facing authority, sacrificing my identity," says Chamberlain. "But this man was right. And I've grown."

The presence at North Carolina of black players such as Chamberlain and McAdoo has resulted in raised eyebrows only among those unaware of the liberal traditions of the university and the fact that the mayor of Chapel Hill, Howard Lee, himself is black. According to Chamberlain, the mayor "smooths the waters" while Smith, too, has earned respect by standing up for Chamberlain's right to speak during a Black Student Movement controversy.

It was one occasion when Smith's sober countenance and Kansas twang did not come in for the usual mimicry by his backcourt. When Karl, a savage competitor who calls himself a "maniac," is not

busy flying onto the scorers' table or putting his head through a door, he tries to keep up with Previs' imitations of Smith. These involve alternately concealing and dragging madly on a cigarette (Smith is an almost-three-pack-a-day man who paces back and forth before games while hiding his weed from the crowd), then slurring along—"aanngh, aanngh, aanngh"—in a Smith dialect.

Previs, who has acting ambitions and bears a resemblance to North Carolina's last athlete-turned-movie star, Jack Palance, plays it perfectly. Once, during a vicious, exhausting practice, he relates, Wuycik shot a free throw, vomited right there at the line and then shot another. Coach Smith never flinched. "Aanngh, aanngh," Previs remembers him saying. "Nice, aanngh, concentration, Denny-Manager, aanngh, get a towel."

Such humor keeps the Heels loose, a condition needed if they are to overcome the unfortunate ACC legacy of failure in postseason play. Despite their lapses, old-line conference watchers believe this is the deepest and best team ever to play at North Carolina, which takes in a lot of years and the 1957 national champions.

Meanwhile, Dean Smith smokes those cigarettes, reels his game films and considers the difficulty of chasing history. The point always has been to finish the season with a victory.

THE WEEK

by HAROLD PETERSON

SOUTH South Carolina celebrated the end of its first season as an independent by swallowing two cupcakes—Notre Dame 109-83 and Creighton 81-64—and earning an NCAA at-large slot. In what Coach Frank McGuire called "the best exhibition of shooting we've had in my years here," big Tom Riker celebrated his 22nd birthday by scoring 31 points against the Irish, hitting 12 of 16.

Although Florida State, another at-large NCAA starter, tied a school record for victories in a season when it beat little Boscyne 94-66, it came to earth against Cincinnati. Winning their 10th victory in the last 12 games, the Bearcats mauled the 10th-ranked visitors 88-64. It was all very embarrassing for a Cincy athletic department that had persuaded Coach Tay Baker to resign before he was fired. Cincy led 44-34 at the intermission as junior Darrin Dickey fired in 16 points and grabbed 11 rebounds. Ironically, FSU's Hugh Durham had been one of the men mentioned for Baker's job. "Baker and his team deserve to go to the NIT," Durham said after the game. "He's one of the best coaches in the game. He had some early pressure."

All year every team that held the ball on Maryland had some success. Besides, Wake Forest Coach Jack McCloskey admitted after his Wednesday game with the Terps, "We sure as hell didn't want to run up and down the court with them." Losers by a missed final shot in their first game with Maryland, the Deacons this time carried the Terps into overtime before losing 64-56, as Bob Bodell sank six straight free throws.

Virginia, hoping to tie or beat North Carolina for the Atlantic Coast Conference title, threw the same sort of game at Maryland and learned a Wake Forest lesson: the Terps can be had in showdown—almost. The Cavaliers lost 45-42 when Maryland outscored them an astonishing 31-12.

"We've come too far now not to win it all," Memphis State Coach Gene Bartow said before the Louisville game. And Memphis followed his script, putting down the Cardinals 80-65. Later, letting down themselves, they eased past Drake 70-69. Good 1-2-2 defense and ball-hawking kept tough Louisville at bay, but last-place Drake was another matter. With seven minutes remaining, the would-be spoilers had a 15-point lead. Luckily Larry Finch began hitting jumpers and scored 14 of the Tigers' last 20 points to finish with 27. This week Louisville and Memphis State decide between themselves who will represent the Missouri Valley

continued

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Conference in the NCAA Midwest Regional.

For one loud week, Alabama threatened to tear the Southeastern Conference apart. The Crimson Tide first upset Tennessee 72-67, then took the massive Kentucky 73-70. But that was the end of the underdog dramas. Mississippi State deflated Alabama hopes in overtime 97-91 and Tennessee hopped into the SEC lead by slamming LSU 78-66 and Auburn 80-70, setting up for its big showdown with Kentucky.

S. N. CAROLINA (21-4) 2: S. CAROLINA (23-4)

MIDWEST After interlock wins over Xavier, 63-55, and Tulane, 73-66, Marquette and the McGuires got caught in the white sands of New Mexico State. Ahead 65-60 with 3:08 left, the Warriors saw Aggie sophomore John Williamson score 11 straight points within 2½ minutes to lead the Aggies to a 73-69 upset. Two points of the margin were technical on Coach Al McGuire, who spent much of the game on the floor and at one point turned to the New Mexico crowd and shouted, "Is the NIT worth all this?" referring, of course, to State's still warm hopes for a bid to the New York tournament. Son Albie McGuire went into a rage when Truman Ward tied him up for a jump ball and had to be slapped by his father before calming down.

Under first-year Coach Bob Knight, Indiana knocked off—and perhaps knocked out—two Big Ten contenders within four days. The largest basketball crowd in Indiana history watched the Hoosiers cruelly disappoint Knight's old college coach, Fred Taylor, with a 65-57 upset of Ohio State. The Hoosiers held Ohio State to 29.6% from the field and Allan Horvath, the star shooter, to eight for 25, largely because of the defensive work of Kim Pemberton. Previously the Indians had wrecked Michigan 79-75 despite Joby Wright's boner. With 2:20 to go and Indiana nursing a 74-71 lead, Wright grabbed a jump ball and scored an easy lay-up, only to discover that all nine other players were at the opposite end of the court.

Michigan also lost to Michigan State, only 4-7 in the Big Ten at the time, 96-92. Conference scoring leader Mike Robinson went 10 points over his average with 37, and Pat Miller, averaging 7.9, scored a career high of 26. Gary Garakas, 5' 5", spotted Henry Wilmore 11 inches and held him to 22 points.

Minnesota, as a result of the Buckeye and Wolverine losses, clinched at least a share of the crown by struggling back from a 16-point deficit to beat Purdue 48-43 and annihilating Illinois 91-62.

Oral Roberts went on the road for some more missionary work and found Boston University teachable, 87-78, but had difficulty with Harvard's iconoclasts, 100-79, before beating UW-Milwaukee 100-95.

"Losing to Kansas hurt us but didn't destroy us," Missouri Coach Norm Stewart said before the Nebraska game and the Tigers proved him right by winning 61-54. Meanwhile, Kansas State stayed atop the Big Eight by whipping Colorado 73-55. Midway in the second half Colorado was within five points of the lead, but an unusual five-point play (involving a goal-tending call and a technical) finished the Bulls off.

After beating Duquesne 79-71, Detroit, first team to beat Marquette, was hot over being spurred by the NIT in favor of teams like Niagara, Syracuse, St. John's and Fordham. "This is typical of the NIT," Coach Jim Harding fumed. "They always lead up on New York teams." But his charges became awestruck when his Titans fell ignominiously to Western Michigan 98-85.

S. MARQUETTE (24-2) 2: MEMPHIS ST. (21-6)

EAST "Nothing by design," said Al Cotler, Penn's 6' 5" guard after hitting 10 of 14 shots, five foul shots and shagging seven rebounds for the best night of his career. It was simply a matter, he added, of St. Joseph's putting chasers on Phil Hankinson and Bobby Morse, thus freeing him. The Quakers won 77-64 and were all the more convincing since Penn Coach Chuck Daly had turned sentimental and started an all-senior five, including two team members who had never started before. Penn also chopped up Yale 86-63 but got a scare from Brown, which went into a deep sleep. The Bruins stayed close all the way before losing by only 37-33. The victory brought Pennsylvania its third straight league championship, its 41st Ivy victory in 42 games and, for its seniors, their 97th win in 102 games.

Princeton, finishing second to Penn and hoping for an NIT berth, bounced Brown 80-56 and Yale 76-62 while Harvard, in an eight-game Ivy win streak, and Dartmouth tied for third place.

With Dennis DrVal hitting 13 of 23 from outside and Bob Doornis killing Niagara's bigger men, Syracuse won 87-79. The Orange also romped over Colgate 90-76 as Greg Kohls, its precise outside shooter, scored 33 points.

Providence's Marvin Barnes blocked six shots in the first five minutes and scored 24 points to lead the Friars to a 73-65 win over slumping St. John's. Don Lewis also scored 21. On Saturday, Providence journeyed to Seton Hall and won again, 78-68.

Temple's sophomores, getting stronger and wiser as the season grows longer, waded through the Middle Atlantic tournament, beating Lafayette 87-75 and, in the finals, St. Joseph's 65-57 to enter the NCAA tournament. In the title game, Mike Jones went 8 for 13, grabbed 13 rebounds and scored a key basket in the last two minutes. John

Kneib sank nine of 10 free throws, four at the last 36 seconds.

Villanova finished its regular season squeaking past a much improved Notre Dame 78-75 while Duquesne beat St. Francis 82-72.

S. PENN (23-3) 2: VILLANOVA (16-8)

WEST California somehow managed to get within 51-48 of UCLA in the second half, the closest any team has been to the Bruins that late in a game this season, but there was never a worry as the Angelenos won 85-71. Next night UCLA crushed Stanford 102-73. John Wooden warned ominously, "It will take a very good team, playing a very good game, to beat us. We're not young anymore. We have a full season behind us." California did upset USC 84-74, if that is still an upset.

Brigham Young, which the WAC title already in hand, had a bad case of the looking-ahead blues. The Cougars shot 79% from the field in the first half at Texas-El Paso, yet blew a 14-point lead and lost 73-69. At New Mexico, completely inverting the whole act, they missed 13 of their first 15 field-goal attempts, shot only 29% in the entire first half and won 61-60. Jerry Tarkanian of Long Beach, whose 49ers will meet BYU in the first round of the NCAA West Regionals, saw the game and said the Cougars "showed a lot of courage."

Houston, 19-5 going into the week and expecting an NCAA bid (which they got), ran into a double-dip disaster. The Cougars shot 60% and Dwight Davis collected 40 points, yet Jacksonville came from 12 points back and ravaged the Texans in overtime 110-108. The Dolphins' Harold Fox, who missed a last-second shot in last year's 83-82 loss at Houston, did not miss this time. With 10 seconds left in overtime, he came down the lane and let a short jump shot. "I've had a long time to live with the shot I missed," Fox said. "I let this one go and thought, 'It had better go in.'" Next, Denver almost hit Houston again, losing only 94-91. Pioneer Dave (Stretch) Bussion fired in 41 points, a career high.

Utah State, once an embarrassing 5-8, won its seventh game in the last 10 by edging Colorado State 93-84 and Weber State 67-65. Jeff Tebbis, a guard, hit a remarkable 80% of his shots from the field in the two games, including clutch baskets in both contests.

Santa Clara and San Francisco, both winners over the Nevadas, at Reno and Las Vegas, head for a West Coast Athletic Conference showdown.

S. UCLA (28-0) 2: LONG BEACH ST. (23-3)



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The race had been run and Jim Ryun had finished forlorn and last in 4:19.2 and now, when all he wanted was to be alone, he stood in a gloomy tunnel of the Los Angeles Coliseum and answered questions. When as a Kansas schoolboy he had run the best miles of the world into the ground the public had made him bigger than life, and even then he wondered at the insanity of it. But the public likes its heroes to be heroic and is annoyed when they are anything less, and thus Jim Ryun understands. So last weekend, sick at heart, he accepted his defeat as gracefully as he had accepted his victories.

"No, I don't know what is wrong," he answered, with blank eyes. "Is it mental? Perhaps. I don't know. No, if it is, I don't know why. No, I am not quitting. Yes, I knew when I was out of the race." A small smile appeared. "When I was 150 yards behind and everybody was pulling away from me."

"Why don't they give him a blindfold and a cigarette?" a friend said to Anne Ryun, his wife.

"Jim doesn't smoke," she said absently. "Oh, we've got to get him away from this."

"I'll tell him he has to see a doctor," said the friend.

"Yes," said Anne. "No. Then they'll think he's sick and they'll get on that and they won't believe him when he says he isn't."

"No, I have no excuses for the way I ran," Ryun was saying. "I felt heavy the first lap and then I began to tighten up. A mental problem? Somebody asked that. No, I'm not sure about that. No, I can't reconstruct the race. I don't even want to think about it now. Later I'll go over the race. I have to get back to the hotel now. Thank you."

A few hours later, in his hotel, after he had decided to order dinner from room service, Ryun probed a little deeper into his problems, but only a little. A 4:19? He hadn't run that slowly since he was a senior in high school.

"Before the race I felt good, really good," he said. "Then as soon as the gun went off I got tight. Maybe it's psychological. I don't know whether it is or not. I'm going to think about it, but I don't want to talk about it. The thing now is just to forget this race, to get away from it."

"I know I'll figure it out," he went on. "I'm discouraged now but I know I'll figure out what's wrong. It's something I'm doing wrong the last hour before a race. The difference between what I did today and what I can do is such a little thing. That's what's so disgusting about this. It hasn't been easy. It takes all the fun out of running. And it's been hard on my family. I understand it but it's been hard for them."

Ryun ruled out running any mile races in the near future. Until he is sure he is ready, *really* ready, he will limit his competition to an occasional leg in a two-mile relay.

"I don't want any more pressure situations for a while," he said. "I'll go

continued

It's back to the old drawing board

Jim Ryun's comeback backfired in L.A. Marty Liquori was forced to scratch and Tom Von Ruden won



VON RUDEN BREEZES IN FIRST IN MILE IN 3:57.6, RYUN WHEEZES IN LAST IN 4:19.2

back to Kansas, and Coach Bob Timmons and I will work it out. The thing for me now is to relax. The best thing is that I still have time to get ready for the Olympic Trials." He sighed. "I guess you can say that this was not one of my better days."

Ryun had returned to Lawrence, Kans. from Santa Barbara, Calif. two weeks before—his third move in a year—to train under Timmons once again. The quiet little coach already had spotted a flaw in the once perfect machine. "Physically, Jim is as good as ever," he said. "But Jim was so consistently a winner he never thought of losing a race. Then came the physical problems, the pressure of Mexico City, the loss to Keino and the races he didn't finish. Someplace in all of this something happened. There was a change from 'I can win' to a worry about losing."

Marty Liquori's problem is wholly physical. He was scheduled to run against Ryun in the Meet of Champions, but he never got closer to the action than a TV set in Rosemont, Pa. Last October, Liquori, who ran the second-fastest mile (3:54.6) in the world in 1971, tore a ligament in the heel of his left foot and it has worsened steadily. Last week two New York City doctors told him that the only cure was total rest for at least a month. "Can I jog?" Liquori asked hopefully. "No," he was told. "And even then there is no guarantee."

In 1969 Liquori ripped the same ligament in his right heel and it took six months to mend. "The only way I can describe it," Liquori said, "is that it's like a rope. Just a lot of little twines. You tear one and then another, then another. They keep snapping."

Ordered to rest for 10 days in November, Liquori postponed his enforced vacation until after the NCAA cross-country championship, in which he finished 30th. "I really tore it then," he said. "I couldn't even walk for a while." He found himself in a frustrating cycle of resting, training, then resting when the injury flared again. When he attempted to run a five-minute mile he couldn't walk the following day.

"Every time I tried any speed work it hurt," Liquori said. "So I just did 10 or 12 slow miles, like at a nine-minute pace. Every time I thought it had healed I'd quickly find out it hadn't."

In February he ran an 8:31.6 two-mile in the Astrodome, came up limping and

rested for a few days. A week later he ran a two-mile relay leg, and rested for 10 days. He aggravated the injury again two weeks ago training on ice and snow, which is when he was told to forget it for at least a month.

"I'd give two other years for this one," Liquori said. "I'm not worried about the Olympics, that's six months off. But the Trials are in July and right now it doesn't look good. If it clears up in four weeks I can still make the team. But if it goes on much longer it will be hopeless. Damn, it's strange to think about stopping now."

When Ryun learned of the extent of Liquori's injury, he was equally dismayed. "I hate to think of Marty not being on the Olympic team," he said the night before the Coliseum mile. "He's such a great competitor. The thing I'd tell him is not to lose his confidence. He's always in such great shape, a four-week layoff now shouldn't hurt him much physically. Marty has that great toughness going for him. And I know what he's going through. I had a similar injury in 1968 and I just decided to keep going." He laughed. "At that point you've got nothing to lose."

"You know, after I was injured a doctor made me a piece of thick leather padding that went inside the shoe under the heel. It was awfully uncomfortable but the injury never bothered me again. I wonder if that would help Marty?"

On the morning of the race, Tom Von Ruden, the U.S.A.'s forgotten third man in the 1,500-meter final at Mexico City—he came in ninth—took to breakfast with him the responsibility of being the country's current No. 1 hope in that event at Munich. With Liquori injured and Ryun flagging, no one else is even close. The 27-year-old Oklahoma State graduate student doesn't mind the unexpected burden, only the way he got it. He's a tough and talented competitor who would gladly run over Ryun and Liquori at their best, but at the same time he finds little satisfaction in passing them when they aren't. Von Ruden cannot forget that they were sub-four-minute high school milers while he couldn't get under 4:35.9. In fact, he didn't duck under the barrier until he was 23. "I couldn't have broken four minutes in high school," he said, "if I had started running in kindergarten."



INJURED LIQUORI HASN'T MUCH TIME

For Von Ruden, high school was in Notus, Idaho, a town of 313. Since his school had fewer than 100 students, including girls, Von Ruden played all sports, giving him only six weeks a year for track and baseball, and the closest track was six miles away. At Oklahoma State the track coach was a sprint specialist so Von Ruden found himself again on his own. "I am the only coach I ever had," he said wryly, "and at first I wasn't too good." In 1967, at Bakersfield, Calif., Von Ruden finally broke four minutes, running a 3:56.9. "I liked that," he said, "but I'd rather have won." The winner was Ryun, in his world-record 3:51.1. Seven runners were under four minutes, including Liquori, who was in high school.

"I feel like I've been running in Ryun's and Liquori's shadows all my life," Von Ruden said. "And it hasn't been that bad. Losing to them is bad but when I see the pressures they are under, the way they are hounded, well, I'm kind of glad I don't have that. Liquori seems to handle it well but I can see it bothers Ryun. I'm like Ryun, a private person. When I go back to school at Stillwater after a race nobody bothers me because nobody

knows who I am. That's how I want it."

This time Von Ruden didn't expect to have any problems handling Ryun. "He doesn't have the motivation anymore," he said. Von Ruden, who has plenty, won nine races indoors this winter, including a 3:57.9 mile at Fort Worth, was disqualified after finishing second in another race and lost to Kip Keino by 3/10ths of a second in a 4:01.2 mile. Ryun won one mile in 4:06.8, came in sixth in another in 4:13.2 and finished up the track in a two-mile.

"We've got a rabbit, and if he sets a good pace for three quarters there won't be any problem," Von Ruden predicted. "If you look at Ryun's races since his comeback, any time there's pressure put on him he hasn't done well."

Finally they got to it, with Bob Messina, the rabbit, setting off at a 59.2 first-quarter pace, the rest falling dutifully in behind. Running stiffly from the start, Ryun was third, fell back to sixth going into the second lap and lost contact three quarters of the way around the Coliseum's brand-new Tartan track. At the half-mile point Von Ruden began to wonder where Ryun was. Then he heard the public-address announcer say that Mark Winzenried, the half-miler looking for his first sub-four-minute mile, was challenging for the lead. "Oh, oh," thought Von Ruden. "I had better stop worrying about what's behind me and worry about the race." That was the last thing he remembers hearing.

Going into the bell lap, George Young, the 35-year-old two-miler, had the lead, followed by Winzenried and Von Ruden. Then John Lawson sprinted from fourth to first. With 160 yards to go, Von Ruden kicked into the lead and began to pull away. He has run a 46.6 mile-relay leg and doesn't think there is a miler in the world who can out-sprint him. This day there was none. He won easily in 3:57.8, followed by Winzenried (3:59.5), Lawson (3:59.5) and Young (3:59.6). Like Winzenried, Young got his first sub-four-minute clocking, but his elation was short-lived. A few minutes later Young discovered that someone had stolen his sweat suit, his wallet and his car keys. It could have been worse. If he had run in the two-mile as he originally had planned, the thief would have had time to steal his car as well. **END**

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The heart attack was devastating in severity, shattering his lifelong robustness and aging him prematurely. He was dismayed to suddenly see his body going to pot and finally frightened enough to seek a cure in jogging

Two days after my 51st birthday I had a massive heart attack. I did not know what it was at first. I was drinking coffee with my wife in the dining area of our Manhattan apartment when I broke out in sweat and felt so nauseated I could not finish the coffee. I had been up until four in the morning and now it was eight, and I thought the nausea and the sweat were probably the result of a night of hard work, drinking, smoking, tension and very little sleep. After a few minutes I felt better, and I dressed and packed, preparing to catch a plane to Montreal, where I was to cover a heavyweight championship fight.

Dorothy suggested postponing the trip for a day, but I told her I really was feeling much better. I had not missed a day's work because of illness in over 10 years. I reached the door and was just turning to say goodbye when I began sweating again, and the nausea came back so strongly I had to clench my teeth to keep from vomiting. My legs felt weak and trembly. I put the bag down and leaned against the door to keep from falling.

"You look terrible," my wife said. "What's wrong?"

"I'll be all right in a minute," I said. "I'm just tired."

I walked back into the living room and sat down on the couch, and she sat by me, watching anxiously. I smiled at her and tried to light a cigarette, but my hands were shaking so badly that it seemed a long time before I got it lit. I still had no pain of any kind. The cigarette tasted like burning sulphur and made my nausea worse, so I put it out and took three or four deep breaths. This made me feel a little better. My face was wet and the sweat was trick-

continued

ling down my sides. I stood up and took off my topcoat.

I had taken only five or six steps when the pain in my chest started. It was not severe at first, more of a dull ache, but the nausea and the weakness grew with it, and I sat down on the couch again.

The pain now stretched across my chest from armpit to armpit. It was becoming crushing, as though my chest was being mashed down by a giant kneeling on me, growing heavier and heavier. I could no longer breathe deeply. I realized that I was panting, taking shallow breaths like a tired puppy, and for the first time I wondered if I was having a heart attack.

From some medical article read long before, I remembered that the fingernails of a person having a heart attack turn blue, and I held up my hand and looked at my fingertips. The nails were bluish.

I stood up gently and began to walk toward the bedroom and said, "Honey, I think you better call Marty."



Dr. Martin Fisher, our family doctor, also happens to be a heart specialist. By the time he arrived, my daughter, who was then 18, was up, and she and my wife were doing their best to help and growing more and more frightened. Strangely, I never felt afraid, I think I was more irritated with myself than anything else and apprehensive about not being able to make the trip.

Marty felt my pulse, listened to my chest, took my blood pressure and an electrocardiogram and gave me a shot. He told Dorothy to call the Flower & Fifth Avenue Hospitals and get an ambulance.

I began feeling embarrassed at being so much trouble, and when the ambulance attendant came into the room with a stretcher I tried to get up and into it myself. I think the first time I realized how serious the situation had become was when Marty stopped me. "Don't move," he said. "Lie as still as you can. They will do all the work."

Once I had been lifted onto the rolling stretcher, Marty tucked a blanket around me. I felt relieved when he did; I knew we would be going down in the elevator

from the 11th floor and was not anxious for my neighbors to see me bare-chested. It is undignified enough to be hauled out of your apartment on a stretcher without being exposed as well.

We ran into a problem getting on the elevator. I suppose the builders of the apartment house in which I live—a 20-story affair on the East Side—never thought any of the 300-odd apartment dwellers would have to be removed in this fashion. The elevators are not wide enough or long enough to take a stretcher.

The attendants worked that out by folding the stretcher in the middle, where it is hinged, and I rode down bent slightly at the waist and knees. The elevator operator, an old friend, looked at me sadly and seemed on the point of saying something, but I think he, like most people, was intimidated by serious and sudden illness.

They loaded me into the back of the ambulance, and we left for the hospital with the siren howling. The shot was taking effect, and I was breathing easier. The pain in

my chest had died down until it was only a reminder of what it had been.

I remember it was a sparkingly bright, sunny day. I looked out the window as the ambulance went through the crowded streets and saw healthy people on their way to work—or wherever they were going—and I felt no sense of sorrow or envy. If I was going to die, at least I was a long way down the road. I had done a lot of things in 51 years. I tried, drowsily, to think of those things, and none came back to me very clearly, but all seemed, in retrospect, in an ambulance making its way up Park Avenue on that bright March morning, good.

I was five weeks in the hospital (10 days of that in intensive care) and another month recuperating in bed at home. As the days wore on, I realized I was no longer the robust man I had always thought myself to be. All my life I had been an athlete, stronger than most, almost sinfully free of illness, conscious of the fact that in most physical confrontations the odds in my favor would usually be better than even.

While recuperating I had, for lack of anything more ex-

citing to do, grown a beard, which I trimmed into a Vandyke. One morning, watching myself as I clipped the beard, I tried to assess the face in the mirror as if it belonged to a stranger—a clearly impossible thing to do.

But I had enough objectivity to realize that it was a face that looked years older than the one I had shaved that morning when I was preparing to leave for Canada. There were wrinkles not evident then and my hair had turned whiter. The beard didn't help. It had come in almost pure white.

I suppose the most accurate description of the clinic Dr. Paul Niehans operated in Vevey, Switzerland would be a rejuvenation center. The handsome hospital in which he treated people who came to him in search of youth was called Clinique Générale la Prairie. (It is still open, though Dr. Niehans died at the age of 89 in 1971.)

When I arrived I was given the most thorough physical examination I had ever had. The tests, according to the

was delayed. In a small booklet the clinic issued to patients after a week of rest and seclusion, Dr. Niehans explained that any benefits would not be felt for at least 3½ months.

One also received a card that read as follows:

"TO MY PATIENTS!

Your organism has been given precious cells, which start to work after 3½ months. I beg you not to damage them in any way! Therefore:

NO X rays without protecting the rest of the body,

NO short-wave treatment, no ultra-violet rays,

NO very hot hair dryers,

NO bath-cures in radio-active thermal stations,

NO sun-baths, no Turkish baths, no sauna baths, no diathermy,

NO poisons, such as nicotine, concentrated alcohols,

NO drugs (if possible) and no hormones.

These instructions are for your whole life long.

[Signed] Prof. Niehans"



attending physicians, were to determine just where I needed help. I also was assured that Dr. Niehans' cellular therapy was perfectly safe for me to take. The treatment is not legal in the United States, since it has not been proved effective to the satisfaction of the American Medical Association. But Dr. Niehans had been using his method to relieve the symptoms of old age and to regenerate failing organs for some 40 years. Rumored to be among his patients were Charles Chaplin, who became a father in his early 70s, and Spain's General Franco. Great numbers of long-in-the-tooth entertainers and movie stars had visited the clinic near Lake Geneva, and while most did not boast publicly of having been there, these people admitted their debt to Dr. Niehans rather freely in private.

The treatment itself was simple enough. The exhaustive examination indicated what cellular therapy one needed, and then the patient received a series of shots designed to stimulate those areas of the body. Niehans used injections made up of cell soups from the appropriate organs of unborn lambs. The cells supposedly pepped up the tired ones in the body and promoted renewed vigor. The effect

My examination revealed that I not only had a bad heart, but that there were some 10 other areas in which my body was not operating at full speed. I was told the bad news the night before I received the shots. I was considerably disturbed until I learned by checking with others being treated that 11 malfunctioning organs was about par for the course.

At 10 the next morning a doctor accompanied by a nurse and a rolling table loaded with cell cultures and hypodermics, each about the size of a knitting needle, walked into my well-appointed room and cheerfully asked me to turn over on my stomach.

When I had, the nurse bared my bottom and the doctor zapped me 11 times. Then he patted me on the shoulder and advised me to lie on my stomach for the next 30 minutes, advice that was hardly necessary. I stayed in the hospital for seven days and was not allowed to take a walk until the fifth day. This, it was explained, was to give the delicate unborn lamb cells a chance to survive and do their work.

If the treatment did nothing else, it helped me quit smok-

continued

ing. When I drove away from Vevey, considerably poorer but rested, I was off cigarettes and felt much better than I had in quite a while.

One of the temporary restrictions placed on me when I left the clinic was on exercise. "You may walk," the attending physician said, "but no strenuous exercise of any kind. These new cells are very delicate. I would suggest you wait at least three months before you do anything more than stroll." The electrocardiogram that had been taken at the clinic showed the damage of my heart attack, but the doctors felt that after the three-month waiting period, mild exercise would not be harmful. Indeed, it might be advisable and my heart, presumably strengthened by unborn lamb cells, should be better able to accommodate the heavier load.

I had taken the lamb-cell shots on June 3. On Sept. 1 I began a careful program that included a little jogging. Meanwhile, I had set out on my annual trip to the professional football training camps. As directed, I carefully avoided X rays, shortwaves, ultraviolet rays, bath cures in radioactive thermal stations, sunbaths, Turkish baths, sauna baths, diathermy, drugs and hormones. Hair dryers were no problem, but poisons were not so easy, especially "concentrated alcohols."

Since, for one reason or another, I spend quite a bit of time in bars talking to sportswriters, publicity men, club owners and retired football players, I found it very difficult to avoid concentrated alcohol. For two months I drank plain soda. Plain soda is fine when mixed with Scotch, which dampens its tendency toward excessive effervescence. Taken without a mixer, it tends to inflate the drinker until he burbles constantly, like a sleepy volcano. After two months on plain soda, I figured the unborn lamb cells had grown up enough for a beer or two. Beer is not concentrated alcohol, anyway.

So I changed from soda to beer, but beer is a tough triple to stick with through a long night, especially after a protracted afternoon. I gained about 20 pounds coddling the lamb cells before I decided they were old enough for an occasional vodka and tonic or Scotch and water. Just a glass once in awhile.

At first, each time I sipped a Scotch or a vodka, I could sense the cells curdling. I felt very good, even with the sizable punch I had acquired, but my physical euphoria was diminished by the guilt I felt for what I was doing to my lamb chips. For a week or so I had a nagging concern about the cells. Then I stopped worrying about them.

By the time I returned from visiting all the NFL clubs I was host to several million alcoholic lamb cells. And several weeks later, when I was back writing stories under deadlines, I began smoking again. I borrowed a cigarette, thinking that I would just smoke one to demonstrate to myself how little I really needed a cigarette. I was right. I just smoked that one that day, but the way was open again. I knew I had lost the battle when I bought a pack. When you walk up to the counter and buy a pack, you're dead. Dead. A peculiarly appropriate word to use.

Well, at this point I was full of dying lamb cells, I was drinking and smoking again and, because of my exper-

iment with beer and all I had eaten while I was off cigarettes, I was 45 pounds overweight.

I was in San Francisco to do a story on why the 49ers always look wonderful and play something less than that. I found while interviewing Lou Spadia, who was then president of the club, that he ran every day, as much as three miles. And I decided it was time to do something about myself. I had read *Aerobics*, a book on running by Dr. Kenneth Cooper, the physical director for the U.S. Air Force. For the next three years it was my manual. I worked out my running schedule by it, improved with it and, in effect, lived by it.

I knew that Dr. Cooper's test for fitness is to discover how far you can go—running, walking, crawling or any combination of the three—in 12 minutes. I decided I would take the test while Spadia was doing his daily three miles on the track at the University of California at Santa Barbara, where the 49ers were in preseason training.

I borrowed gear from the equipment manager; sweat suit, cleaned low-cuts and the rest. Before we went out I weighed myself—215 flabby pounds. As we walked to the track, Spadia told me about his own conversion to running. He had joined the 49ers many years before, when the club was organized by Tony and Vic Morabito, two San Francisco trucking magnates. Both were to die of heart attacks.

"I hadn't thought much about my heart until Vic died," Spadia said. "But when you lose two close friends in a few years, you begin to wonder about yourself, so I had a thorough checkup. My heart was O.K., but I was overweight, I didn't exercise and I smoked entirely too much. The doctor suggested that I quit smoking, start walking and lose weight."

That had been two years before. On the morning we ran together, Spadia was trim and fit looking. He appeared years younger than his 40-odd, and when he began to run, I found out quickly enough that he was a century younger than I. "I'll go the first half mile with you, then slow down," I said confidently. "I don't want to work too hard at first. I figure it'll take me a couple of months or so to work up to two miles."

The track at Santa Barbara is the conventional quarter-mile oval. We started running in the middle of the home straight, and by the time we had reached the end of the first turn I was finished. I had run something less than 200 yards and was gasping desperately for breath. When your heart and lungs are as far out of condition as mine were, it is impossible to draw a deep enough breath. I sucked in air, but I hit a barrier in my chest. I could not inhale nearly enough. I stopped running and walked around the track, then started at a gentle jog again.

I quit that day after an inglorious half mile, most of which I negotiated at a slow, wind-broken walk. Spadia ran some two miles during the time I walked, rested, trotted a few steps and rested again. As we went back to the gym to shower and change, I asked him how long it had taken him to run so easily.

"A year," he said. "At least a year. You have to take it easy. But if you stick to it, it's worth it. I had my annual checkup last week. I always ask Doc to check my heart especially, so he takes not only the regular electrocar-

continued



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RUNNING SCARRED continued

diagram with the gear on my arm, but he tests the blood pressure in my legs, too. He said I had the best circulation and blood pressure in my legs he had seen in a long time, even in patients younger by 10 years."

The next morning my legs were dreadfully sore, but I went out to the track again. This time I decided I would see just how fit I was by taking Dr. Cooper's test—going as far as I could go in 12 minutes. The test is based on the amount of oxygen your body can use during an all-out effort; the fitter you are, the more oxygen you can utilize and the farther and faster you can go. Dr. Cooper had reduced the complicated testing technique of the laboratory to a simple physical test.

At my age then—this was now two years after my heart attack and I was 53—any distance under eight-tenths of a mile meant that I was in very poor condition. To qualify as being in excellent condition I would have to run a mile and a half or more.

When we reached the track Spadua went off at his steady, easy pace while I waited and watched the sweep hand of my wristwatch. I started my test as it passed zero, running much slower than I had the day before, determined to at least exceed eight-tenths of a mile. The next category above very poor is poor, and I was willing to settle for that.

The going was no easier than it had been before, and it was made more painful because my legs ached after a few strides. I ran about 50 steps, then slowed to a walk, already puffing. I decided I would try to do the whole thing at the Boy Scout pace—50 steps trotting, 50 walking. Spadua passed me early on, finishing his first lap. Only four minutes into the testing time, I was laboring heavily and began to run 25 steps and walk 75. Three minutes later I settled for a brisk walk. When the 12 minutes had passed, I had managed to cover only a few yards more than half a mile.

I stood under a hot shower for a long time, trying to ease the ache in my legs. I had blisters on both feet and was desperately tired. I could not imagine ever being able to run as far as a mile. I looked down at the volley-ball-sized potbelly I had accumulated in the last two years and looked at Spadua; his stomach was flat. I asked him if he had had trouble breathing at first. "Sure," he said. "I wasn't any better than you. I guess no one is."

The next day I returned to Los Angeles. It was desperately hot, and I stayed at the Beverly Hills Hotel. I went off as soon as I had registered and visited a sporting goods store, where I bought shorts, a sweat suit and a pair of running shoes. The shoes turned out to be much too heavy, but at the time I thought they gave me a rather professional look.

Late in the afternoon I put on my gear and walked across Sunset Boulevard for a run in the small park opposite the hotel. The equipment did not make much difference, my legs were still sore and my breath short. If anything, I went slower than I had the day before. But I felt better in running gear.

Old ladies sitting on park benches eyed me doubtfully as I slogged along at a fast walk or a minimal jog, but I paid them no attention. I was too concerned with catch-

ing my breath. I was acutely aware of my heart. I had read of the pain that exercise can cause a damaged heart, and I monitored mine second by second, ready to stop at the first twinge. I had no twinges, even though my breathing was short and labored. I have never had a twinge running, although my chest has felt tight and constricted often enough.

I realize, looking back, that I was extraordinarily fortunate. I violated the cardinal rule of exercise for post-cardiac patients by beginning without my doctor's clearance. I survived, but I cannot say too strongly that no one should begin the way I did. Ever.

If there is a more difficult place in the world for joggers than New York City, I would be hard put to name it. You can run outdoors on the streets if you do not mind getting up at six in the morning to avoid the fumes of the traffic and the jeers of the populace. You can run in Central Park, but the pollution there is as bad as on the roads and the people no kinder. Or you can run indoors at one of the YMCAs.

I picked the West Side Y for a number of reasons, the principal one being that several other SI staffers work out there. I was not anxious to demonstrate my turtle pace and deplorable condition to friends, but it is much easier to run in company than alone.

The indoor track is a balcony over the basketball court. Most indoor YMCA tracks are built the same way, although this is one of the better, with a good composition surface and banked turns, so your feet and legs are not punished as severely as on the hardwood tracks you find elsewhere.

I soon discovered another of the advantages of training there. In my running outfit I looked rather like a large pear supported by two matchsticks. Most of the 215 pounds I was carrying seemed lodged in my waist and hips, so that when I stopped and looked down at my belly, my belly button peered back at me. I was naturally a bit reluctant to go on the track the first day, since I had a mental image of dozens of fleet, sinewy athletes staring contemptuously at me as they went by. But fleet, sinewy athletes do not, thank the Lord, train on indoor tracks that go 24 laps to the mile. They cannot run fast enough to suit themselves on such a tiny oval. When I stepped gingerly onto the track and began walking a few laps to warm up, I found that I was not the fattest one there, by quite a few pounds.

There are traffic rules on these tracks that are much more rigidly observed than the rules of the road, as I discovered at once. I had just started walking when a potbellied little man with white hair trundled around me and shouted "track!" in my ear at the top of his voice. I smiled and waved at him, a bit surprised that he should say something so obvious, but as I did, someone behind me yelled "track!" again and shot by.

Finally, Andy Crichton, a fellow editor who had been zipping around the outside at a fearsome pace, slowed up and explained that they were not greeting me as a new recruit. "You run on the inside and walk on the outside," he said. "When they holler 'track,' it's just a polite way to say, 'Get the hell out of the way.'" I skipped to the out-

continued

RUNNING SCARRED

side and walked six laps before I began to jog again, and moved in on the pole. My jogging pace was not a great deal faster than my walk, but as long as you give the appearance of trotting instead of walking, you are free to stay in the inside lane.

After the first day I decided I would have to figure out a graduated system of walking and jogging, one designed to cut back on walking time and add to running time. And I felt as tired and discouraged after that workout at the Y as I had in Santa Barbara.

By the end of the first week I managed to do two miles in 23 minutes and 55 seconds but discovered to my dismay that, despite the exercise, I had gained two pounds. My ample belly still bounced in counter-rhythm to my stride and my belly button still looked up accusingly when I looked down.

Like most people I had thought running, especially in the heat of early September, would melt off pounds, but that is a fallacy. Actually, going two miles at my snail's pace, I was probably burning up only a little more than 100 calories per session. The exercise and the knowledge that I was taking it encouraged me to add more than that to my regular diet.

During each of the next three weeks I added a lap of jogging and deducted a walking lap until, at the beginning of October, a month after starting the workouts, I was running eight laps and walking only four. On Oct. 1 I finished the two miles in about 23½ minutes and felt reasonably well doing it. Breathing was still difficult, but not nearly as labored as it had been. My heart thumped noisily for a while after I finished running, but I had no chest pain.

Where I had pain was in my knees. This began after I had been working out for about 10 days. At first my knees ached, but I supposed this was just part of the toughening-up process. But as the days went by and the muscular soreness subsided, my knees hurt more and more.

I was determined not to miss a workout, so I continued to run. I often had trouble getting out of bed in the morning, and before going to the track I would take a couple of aspirin to deaden the pain a little. The throbbing would be intense as I began to jog, then die down after about half a mile. As long as I jogged, it was bearable, but the acute soreness would return when I walked.

The bad knees helped in one way. Since it hurt more to walk than to run, I decided to run a full mile before walking and found, to my surprise, that I could. Now I would run a mile slowly, then do the second mile by walking four laps and jogging eight in each half. I was still wearing the thick-soled shoes I had bought in Los Angeles.

The pain was most severe just at the top of the knee-cap, but it hurt on both sides of the joint as well. Early in October my knees became so stiff that one day I could not force a foot into its running shoe. I knew that if I could get onto the track and jog a while, the pain would ease and my stiffness would disappear, but there is a rule against running barefoot at the West Side Y. I finally solved the problem by buying a pair of jute slippers for a couple of dollars. These are very light, canvas slippers that have almost no padding in the soles. They are useless

for road running, but they worked very well for a while on the smooth surface of the indoor track.

The first time I ran in the slippers I did the two miles almost a minute faster than I had run it before. My knees continued to trouble me, but the pain seemed to subside much more quickly than it had before. So I ran in the jute shoes. The soles of my feet were tender from the lack of padding, but that was not nearly as uncomfortable as aching knees.

The improvement was only temporary. The jute slippers allowed me to go faster, but the discomfort in my knees persisted. I finally checked with one of the team doctors in the National Football League to find out if there was anything seriously wrong.

"How long has it been since you did any real running?" he asked.

"Maybe 30 years," I said.

"Your ligaments are like dried leather," he said. "They're stretching now, and the stretching hurts. When they loosen up enough the aching probably will go away."

"How long will that take?"

He shrugged. "You can't tell," he said. "It depends on your age, your tissues and how much you run."

"I don't know about my tissues," I said. "I'll probably keep on running two miles a day. And I'm not young. So what do you think? Another week or another month?"

"It could be another year," he said cheerfully.

The knees continued to bother me off and on for three months. By Oct. 24, a little less than two months after I had begun jogging, I was able for the first time to run two miles without stopping. On that day my knees were very bad, and I went two miles because I did not want them to stiffen up when I walked. I went slowly and covered the distance in a little less than 21 minutes; three days earlier I had broken 20 minutes and just gone under 190 pounds.

So now I was at least 20 pounds lighter and five minutes faster than I had been. My heart had not given me any trouble at all. When I started running, my pulse rate was around 90 beats a minute, now it had been reduced to the low 80s—still not good, but better than I had expected so soon.

By the end of the first year I had run a total of 714 miles. I had spent 105 hours, 17 minutes, 4.2 seconds on the track and probably three times that much time hearing people talking about it. I had bought a stopwatch and a lap counter. Both are useful in trying to avoid the tedium that accompanies indoor running. And I had gotten rid of the jute slippers.

Toward the end of that first year of jogging I was sent to England on a story. I went to a track meet in which Ron Hill, the magnificent English distance runner, and Derek Clayton, the Australian marathoner, were competing. I wondered how they viewed the amazing amount of miles they cover in preparation for their world-record tries.

"It's no lark," Hill said. "Running is certainly never that. It's a bloody bore at best and damned painful at worst, but then I don't even approach Clayton's training schedule."

Clayton had run the fastest marathon in history, covering the 26 miles 385 yards in an almost unbelievable two hours, eight minutes, which works out to slightly less

than five minutes per mile. Since I knew very well that I would be lucky to ever approach seven minutes for one mile, I looked at Clayton as if he were a superman, which indeed he is.

"He doesn't talk much about it," Hill said, "but I've trained with him in Australia. On my long day I go up into the hills in the morning and run a 27-mile course, going a good pace, and Derek runs with me. For me that's the lot for the day. Derek goes back in the afternoon and runs another 20."

"You must love to run," I said to Clayton. I could not conceive of anyone running 47 miles in a day without getting some pleasure from it. "I hate it," he said. "Absolutely. But I want very much to be the best in the world at something, and I'll make the sacrifice for that."

I spent a month in London staying at a flat in Chelsea. The London Y does not have an indoor track. There is, for that matter, only one indoor track in all England, since the British are a hardy race, regarding any temperature over 75° as a heat wave. They have many more joggers per capita than we do in America, and they train in appalling weather. They consider it bracing.

I wound up jogging at the Duke of York's Headquarters on—or rather, in—the King's Road. Our flat was only a few blocks from the track, and at first I used to take my running gear with me in an airline flight bag and change in the dress-

This article is an excerpt from the forthcoming book *Rumors Scored*, which is to be published by the Saturday Review Press.

ing room. But I found out rather quickly that the English do not believe in coddling their athletes.

The dressing quarters at the Duke of York were small and bare, a room with wooden benches along the side and hooks on the wall for clothing. There were two showers and a toilet. After three or four days of showering showers under a thin, lukewarm stream of water and a freezing 10 minutes while I towed frantically and dressed like a fireman, I decided I would rather put up with the scorn of the local runners than catch pneumonia. From then on I walked to the track in a heavy nylon sweat suit, ran in it until I warmed up, then stripped to my running suit to finish, putting the sweat suit back on under a raincoat for the walk home.

Once an elderly lady who was standing with me waiting for a chance to cross the King's Road looked curiously at my blue sweat suit and red running shoes.

"What kind of costume is that, sir?" she asked.

"It's a sweat suit, m'am," I told her.

"A sweat suit?" she said doubtfully.

"Yes, m'am," I replied, wondering if I should try to explain.

"Coo," she said. "You Americans! Imagine wearing a proper costume just to perspire in!"

It was much easier to progress from jogging three miles a day to six to 10 miles a day than it had been to go from scratch to three. The only problem as the months went by was to find enough time to get in all the running I wanted to do. For a slow, middle-aged runner with a scarred

heart, about an hour and a half is needed to go 10 miles. Add to that another hour or so getting to the Y, dressing, showering and dressing again, and a heavy running schedule can account for nearly three hours of the day.

By the time I had reached these distances, however, I had fallen into the syndrome that can easily overtake a jogger, no matter what his age or state of health. In the first few months I was trying only to defeat myself, in the sense that I had to fight a desire to quit jogging and start walking. I did not pay much attention to the other runners on the various tracks where I tortured myself. If a younger or better runner lapped me a few times during the course of my three miles, it never occurred to me to resent it. But as time passed, I found myself changing. Runners who had lapped me when I started were now going only a trifle faster and, as my heart and lungs quit laboring and engaging all the attention of my mind, I became more and more aware of them. And, of course, the stopwatch that I wore on a lanyard around my neck began to assume more and more importance.

The first runner I managed to pass at the West Side Y was Bob Cooper, an attorney who runs despite the pain of a circulation blockage in his legs. I am sure Cooper was never aware I was competing with him. As I consciously began to compete, I would pick out a runner a bit faster than I and set a time goal—so many weeks or months—to match his pace. At first, I would decide to stay with him for the last half-mile of my run, building in a strong finish, and would do my best to pass him in the last two or three laps. Sometimes he would accelerate when I did and make it impossible for me to edge by him. Now and then I would pass a runner and have him pass me back, he looking ahead, seeming to pay me no attention.

As my speed increased, I was able to catch and lap others—a small, dark man whom I referred to mentally as the bank clerk, and another, faster runner who was very tall with a tremendous stride. Then I went after a muscular, compact man who lost about 15 pounds in the six months it took me to reach his speed and go beyond it. He had a square, tough face so that I always thought of him as a policeman, although I never found out either his name or occupation. And so it went, step by step.

I now recognize most of the regulars at the Y by their shoes and the shape of their backs and the rhythm of their strides. On a small track, whether you are passing or being passed, what you see is the rear of the other runners. It is only when I have finished running and am walking around the track to warm down that I look at their faces.

It is perhaps because of this sense of competition that I have kept pace and continued to jog. In any case, it is now six years after my heart attack and I am thriving on the competition and the routine. My doctor is astonished at the good condition of my heart and body.

I guess it took a long time for the medical profession to get over the notion that a post-cardiac patient should spend the rest of his life as a semi-invalid. It is my theory that the damaged heart mends with long, slow exercise. To have that idea accepted may take a long time, too.

I hope to live to see it.

END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Feb. 20-March 8

GARRETTALL—NBA. When Baltimore, the leader of the ailing Central Division, lost its second overtime game in three days to Seattle 111-107, the first was to New York 97-95. Coach Gene Shue stomped off the court in a rage. "All I want is equal treatment from the referees," he shouted. "There were so many obvious calls that weren't made. I got the impression that everybody regards the Central Division as the great embarrassment of life. They're treating us as a big joke." NBA Commissioner Walter Kennedy did not crack a smile as he faced Shue a league-record \$2,000 fine for remarks. Shue had nothing to say after the Bulls' narrow second round upset Phoenix 95-90 and defeated Portland 90-88 to hold a three-game lead over Atlanta, which won three of four. New York slipped to five games behind Boston in the Atlantic Division with one overtime win and two losses, including a 105-97 drubbing by last-place Buffalo in which Bays rocketed Tim Hudson out of the bench to score 11 points. The Knicks, meanwhile, won both their games to extend their winning streak to five. Golden State squandered half a game ahead of Seattle in the Pacific Division second place race, while runaway leader Los Angeles took four games, including a 109-104 rout over Midwestern leader Milwaukee on Gail Gooden's buzzer, with five seconds to go. It was the Lakers' third victory over the Bucks in four games this season. Milwaukee won its other two games, defeating Detroit 131-111 and Philadelphia 94-81 as the 76ers were held to 23 points in the first half, an NBA worst loss.

ABA. Kentucky clinched first place in the East Division with four straight wins, including a 134-125 victory over Carolina in which rookie Akeem Odoms hit for 43 points. The Cavaliers' last half bounced to 15th games (biggest in pro basketball) over Virginia, four of three of four. The Squares on deck in Indiana a game in the 33-33-117-117 season rookie Julian Erving's 45 points and Charlie Scott's 34. Third-place New York included up 29 points on Virginia with three winners, including a 114-111 win over the Squares and a 133-123 win over Pittsburgh in which eight players—led by Ben Hunter's 37—scored at least 20 points. But the Nets were still a distant 66y games behind Virginia. Milwaukee won its fifth straight game, beating Memphis 128-113, then lost to second-place Dallas 111-99. Ludwig for Power fans, the Stars won their first two while Indiana dropped one, and Utah's overhoming lead declined to 10.

BOATING—CONCORD, a 41-foot sloop skippered by Bill Blanton of Chicago, won the six-race SORC series (page 14).

BOXING—CARLOS MONZON of Argentina retained his world middleweight title with a con-

servative fifth-round TKO of Danny Meyer of Portland at the Palatkaokle Sport in Rome. When the Argentine referee stopped the fight moments short of the end of the fifth round, the Italian fans roared their disapproval by tossing dozens of oranges, one the ring. "It is too ridiculous to get disturbed about," said Meyer's manager, Sid Flaherty. "Inconscience is inconscience."

ROCKEY—New York, suffering no line-score slump this year, kept its winning streak to six games by defeating St. Louis 2-0 on Ed Giacalone's first shut-out, California 4-1 and Buffalo 4-3. Bill Bower, who'd won 7-1 in 1984, earned a game by third last trick of the season (he also had one assist) and Bobby Orr became the first player in history to score more than 100 goals three straight years, and earned Detroit 5-4 on Ego's four assists to give the Wings a nine-game winning streak. Over the past four weeks, the Rangers won 11 and lost one but Boston did the same, leaving New York rate points behind the Blues in the East Division. To add to the Rangers' frustration, Center Jean Ratelle, second in the scoring race in February, sprained a knee about his right ankle in the final game and will be out for the rest of the season. Third-place Montreal, also on a winning streak (five games), failed to cut into the Rangers' eighth-point lead despite beating Pittsburgh 5-3 on three goals in the last period. Buffalo 4-1 and Vancouver 5-0 for Ken Dryden's seventh shutout. In the West, Chicago closed in a victory and first loss and pushed its lead over Minnesota to 16 points when the North Stars dropped two games.

HORSE RACING—Lucas Laurin-trained 3-year-olds finished one-two in the \$180,000 Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park today. 461.

BILL SHARP MAJOR LEAGUE. Eddie August's career status record when he won his 55th all-star Royal Oak in the \$14,850 Santa Monica Stakes at Santa Anita. Two days later, August's 56th all-star LURKIN TRIO, \$100,000 Santa Margarita Handicap at Santa Anita for his best career victory in a \$100,000-added race, then a record.

BOXING—DENIS HULME created 118-211 mph in his McLaren to win the Formula 1 South African Grand Prix in Johannesburg. South Africa by 14 seconds over Emerson Fittipaldi. The 1981 Hulme's victory in the second Grand Prix race of the year gave him the world driving championship, tied by six points over leading champion Jackie Stewart, whose car broke down midway through the race.

SPED SKATING—ATJE KEULEN-DEBELTRA of The Netherlands, a 35-year-old mother of three

won the 1,000- and 1,500-meter events at the Women's World championships in Biregvenen, The Netherlands to gain the overall title. Countrywoman Ruth Blau-Kort, sister of the 3,000-meter, finished second, followed by Diane Hodan of the U.S., who won the 3,000-meter sprint.

TRUCK RACE—TOM VON RUDEN took the pole at 3.37 in the Los Angeles Coliseum Mail of Champions on Jan Ryan finished last (page 27). PFEN won up first ICA, indoor mile and 44 years as the Quakers edged Villanova 26 points to 24 of Princeton's Andrew Gern and brother the Wildcats' Jonathan victory streak. TONY BLAIR, with a 10' 8 1/2" jump vault, was Penn's only winner, while BRIAN McILROY, who won the 3,000- and 4,000- and with a scoring 2.06-9, gained the only title for Villanova.

MICHIGAN STATE edged Wisconsin's string of five straight Big Ten indoor titles by winning 6-5 in the 60-yard dash, only one-tenth of a second off his world record, and MARSHALL DILL won the 100 in 29.6, also one-tenth of a second over his world mark.

BASEBALLS—NAMED MARK SPITZ, 27, a second all-arounder at the world of the AAU's 1971 National Age-Group in the outstanding junior athlete in the U.S. Spitz, the second straight Hooters winner to win the world (John Knefel was in 1970), broke seven world records, lost four and became the first male swimmer ever to take four individual titles in the National AAU outdoor championships.

BOGARD By Oshkosh HENRY AARON, 38, of the Adams, Evans, a 1980 contract for an estimated \$200,000 a year, making him the highest-paid baseball player in history. While he hit 47 home runs last season (his 1980 to fall his total to 478, nearly only seven to catch Willie Mays and 36 to pass Babe Ruth's record). "Purring along, I see no reason why I should be better than Ruth," he said in the next three days. "I said Aaron."

TRAINED Pitcher DENNY McLEIN, 37, who won 31 games for the Detroit Tigers in 1968 and lost 25 for the Washington Senators in 1970, by the Texas Rangers to the Oakland Athletics for two more league pitchers—Don Johnston, 21, and Don Pate, 27.

DALE Former Detroit Tiger Pitcher DIZZY TRIGLT, 36, who had a 170-161 record in 13 seasons (1938-1957, 1957), of career, in Hanes, Ill. from a control player and a witty after-dinner speaker, had his peak years from 1943 to '45. He was 29-12-16 '43, 35-14 in '44 with a 7.21 ERA, lowest in the league, and 18-13 in 1945. The year he pitched on seven games in 11 days at the end of the season, winning four and leading the Tigers to the American League pennant.

•• CREDITS ••

7. Mike S. Harkin, 14. Steve S. Kelly, 17. Tony Jones, 26, 32. William Adams, 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NEW LEAGUE

Sirs:

Mark Mielvo's article (*See the Pickings Huddle*, Feb. 28) showed that the World Hockey Association has a long way to go before it becomes established. So far it has been only a lot of talk about big-bonus contracts and very little action. It will take more than money, a few name players and different rules to get the WHA off the ground. It will take time, a good location and interested people. The WHA will have to go an even longer way to equal the caliber of play in the National Hockey League.

Sports are expanding too fast. It is too bad the dollar sign has become more important than pride and love for the game.

T. R. TREANDA

Manikato, Minn.

Sirs:

The article brings out one of the worst evils in our modern society, the power of money. There is only one possible reason a player would transfer from the secure NHL to the insecure WHA and that is to get more money. It will be interesting to see how many players really can be drawn away from a secure job to one very uncertain one.

If the new league survives it will be surprising. And if it does survive, it will just bring on another war like that between the NBA and the ABA, which could ruin the game of professional hockey.

BILL SWANSON

St. Clair Shores, Mich.

Sirs:

As usual, the older league is laughing at the new. I am a fan of a league that was also laughed at once, the American Football League. The NHL should take heed.

DAVID LAMB

Chetopa, Kans.

JUMPERS (CONT.)

Sirs:

In regard to your article *Because a Steering Wheel Didn't Tell* (Feb. 28), I do not see why you put a knock on the Seattle SuperSonics management and ownership just because Jim McDaniels decided he was fed up with conditions in Carolina. In the last college draft, McDaniels was the second-round pick of the Sonics. Thus, there was only one obvious place for him to turn, Seattle. I seriously doubt that any other team with a chance to land the seven-foot center would have turned its back.

I do wish, however, that the entire question of who owns whom could be ironed out by either the courts or Congress so we could be spared the game of musical chairs in the world of professional basketball.

KEITH APPLEMAN

Wrangell, Alaska

Sirs:

As a disappointed pro basketball fan, I hereby request a \$300 aggravation bonus for having to witness such an example of greed and whining dissatisfaction.

DAN WHITE

Hickory, N.C.

Sirs:

What kind of lawyers do the Carolina Cougars have that they would allow Jim McDaniels to break a \$1,357,000 contract and go to Seattle?

It is easy to understand why Jim Chones turned professional. He is a hardship case. But what causes all this? Hardship cases? The owners would draft J. Paul Getty if he could jump and shoot and play a little D. Hardship to them is being last in the starting-up contest.

The ABA and NBA are fighting it out for survival by cutting each other's throats. But the blood belongs to the fans. It has always been that way and I guess it will always be. All the fan does is pay the salaries, the franchise fees, etc., etc.

ALAN GORDON

Jacksonville

Sirs:

I am 17 years old and no lawyer, but I feel I have a pretty good solution in mind. Here is my plan:

- 1) A college player who needs personal financial assistance makes his need known to both pro leagues (for the league after the merger).
- 2) His need is reviewed and analyzed by experts who come up with a good, reasonable figure.
- 3) One league (for the league) then loans the player the money, with the understanding that the player shall play ball for that league after his graduation. The player would not be tied to any one team.
- 4) After graduation, the player is drafted by a team in the agreed league using the regular process.
- 5) The money is repaid out of the player's contract.

I feel that this plan has some advantages.

First of all, the player would still get the experience and pleasure of playing college ball. Also, the amount of money a player and/or his family might need would be small (perhaps about \$3,000 to \$10,000) compared to the millions of dollars offered in the inflated contracts made to lure the players away from college. However, my plan also shows the need for the merger. Without it, the leagues would probably continue to compete by offering extremely high loans to get particular players.

JOHN G. NEARHOOF

Altoona, Pa.

OPPOSITE REACTION

Sirs:

I paid my \$2 to see Arthur Dubs' film *American Wilderness* (SCORECARD, Feb. 28). However, I did not quite get the thrill out of it that you predicted. I expected to see two hours of breathtaking, interesting film depicting the beauty of the wilderness—both animals and plants. What I saw instead was Mr. Dubs stalking and killing all manner of wild sheep, deer, elk, caribou and even polar bear. It was anything but a "pleasant surprise." It seems to me that filming these magnificent creatures would be exciting enough without having to put a bullet through them in the process. I especially liked Mr. Dubs' justification of killing the wild sheep—the fact that they would not be able to carry their huge set of horns another season.

I would much rather see these wonderful creatures die a natural death in their mountain home than be stalked down on the pretense of sport. I love the wilderness, just as Mr. Dubs professes to, but my love is channeled in a different direction. I want to see our wilderness and wildlife preserved and protected, not exploited by our great American "sportsmen" who can't wait to add another trophy to the wall and maybe some money to the pocket. I am sorry you got my money, Mr. Dubs. It wasn't worth it.

BRIAN OLIVER

St. George, Kans.

TRIVIALISTS

Sirs:

Ron Fimrite's brilliant and devastatingly accurate appraisal of hard-core trivia buffs (*Trivia*, Feb. 28) was almost as much fun as a 48-hour nonstop. The article made me ache with recollections of my own life-style: the three a.m. phone calls to settle an argument, the matchless excitement of offhandedly dropping the answer to an opponent's triple-ringer and the countless parties that were all but ruined by the immortal words "Oh yeah, well, who was the backup quarterback for the . . . ?"

Those of us who do play realize that we are very sick people, but just ask any one of us if we care! As William Holden said to Ernest Borgnine in *The Wild Bunch*: "I wouldn't have it any other way."

DUN GRONQVIST

Les Angeles

Sirs:

Ron Fimrite's trivia piece is delightful and hopefully more accurate than your Feb. 28 SCORECARD item ("The Game of the Thing") in which hockey replaces lacrosse as Canada's national sport. Your turn. . .

JER LADOUCEUR

Smithtown, N.Y.

continued



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YESTERDAY

New Orleans' Great Post Stakes

Among its many claims to fame, New Orleans has never losted the breeding of thoroughbreds, yet the Louisiana city's interest in bloodlines and the differences of opinion they engender dates back to early in the 19th century. Those differences reached a fever pitch one day in April 1854, when the turf champions of Louisiana, Mississippi, Kentucky and Alabama were brought together at Metairie, a sleepy town on the outskirts of New Orleans, for the \$20,000 Great State Post Stakes.

What made this event remarkable from today's point of view was the fact that the winner was to be decided in the best two of three four-mile heats. What made it remarkable in that day was the fact that three of the four champions present—Arrow, representing Louisiana; Lexington, representing Kentucky; and Lecomte, representing Mississippi—were all sired by a single famed stallion: Boston. The Alabama entry, Highlander, was thus a rank outsider from a family point of view. Nevertheless, as an estimated 10,000 railbirds swept into the city for the great event, a quick show of Alabama money made Highlander the early favorite though the odds soon shifted to Lexington.

By the afternoon of the race, according to the New Orleans *Daily Picayune*, the city itself "looked as though it had been shut down" as everyone streamed out to the track. A fair estimate was that 20,000 fans, including ex-President Millard Fillmore, jammed into the enclosure, breaking down one of the fences. Some men—and ladies too—climbed trees for a better view.

Exactly at 3:30 the four horses trotted up to the starting line of a track that was as soft and wet as gumbo soup. With mud flying and splattering many of the infield patrons, the Kentucky horse got off to an early lead and held on to beat Lecomte across the finish line by three lengths.

During a 60-minute breather that followed, the odds put Lexington 2-40-1 against the field. A Mississippi group, the Red River Party, impressed with Lecomte's performance, took some of this action and for a while looked good, as their horse, running gamely, led for three miles. On the backstretch, however, the Kentucky champion closed the gap and locked Lecomte as the two swung for home side by side. "Down they came," said the *Picayune*, "rushing forward like

a torrent, each at the top of his speed, but the speed of Lexington was superior, and he shot past the judge's stand four lengths in advance."

As it developed, the Great State Post Stakes was the start of an epic—though brief—chapter in American turf history. Lecomte's backers refused to concede Kentucky superiority and dismissed Lexington as nothing more than a superior mudder. Sure enough, a week later, over the same course—but under fast conditions—Lecomte turned the tables on his half brother, winning the first four-mile heat in 7:26 and the second in 7:38 $\frac{1}{2}$. The 7:26 clocking was an American record for four miles and thus helped set the stage for a final act to the drama.

Within a month after his colt's defeat, Kentucky Owner Richard Ten Broeck issued this challenge, "As Lexington will probably follow the Fashion in making a Foreign Tour, I propose the following as his valedictory: I will run him four miles over the Metairie Course—against the fastest time at four miles that has been run in America, for the sum of TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS."

Two Virginia sportsmen accepted the offer and, with two colts, Joe Blackburn and Arrow alternating as paces, Lexington and Jockey Gilbert W. Patrick (packing 103 pounds) set their sights on Lecomte's 7:26. On April 2, 1855 they went off. For the first two miles Joe Blackburn gave chase but, said one correspondent, "He was never near enough for Lexington to hear the sound of his hoofs." Lexington zipped the first mile in 1:47 $\frac{1}{4}$, slowing to a 1:52 $\frac{1}{4}$ for the second lap. At this point Arrow took over, pushing Lexington to a third mile in 1:51 $\frac{1}{2}$, whereupon Joe Blackburn returned and, even though he was "like chips in porridge—of no benefit," Lexington closed with a splendid 1:48 $\frac{1}{4}$, giving him a new American record of 7:19 $\frac{1}{4}$, despite the near loss of his left foreleg and

part of his right one during the race.

In view of what the New Orleans press called "a monumental feat," Lecomte's owner challenged Lexington to a head-and-head "rubber" match, which a willing Metairie Jockey Club arranged for April 14. Judging from the newspapers, mounting pressure became unbearable, "exceeding the anticipation of the 1854 races."

Since many well-heeled Louisiana sportsmen had adopted Lexington, while others felt a strong attachment for Lecomte, who was weaned in Louisiana after being foaled in Kentucky, the seriousness of the betting was reflected by a report in the *Daily Delta*: "Some plantations will change hands." Some did. Even women got into the act. Ladies who had watched husbands bet themselves into debt the year before, wagered their own gloves, fans and bracelets.

Because Lexington had been paced and given a running start, Lecomte backers were not overawed by their rival's stunning 7:19, a fact reflected in the race-day odds in which you had to put up \$100 to win \$90 on Lexington or put up \$90 to win \$100 on Lecomte.

Following a drummer's start, the overflow crowd of close to 20,000 went wild as the two horses ran side by side for three miles. As they passed the stands for the final lap, Lexington pulled off to a two-length lead and widened this advantage in the backstretch. On the turn for home, Lecomte made a gallant closing rally, but Lexington held him safe to win comfortably in 7:23 $\frac{1}{4}$. That was all the running for the day. Lecomte's owner asked permission to withdraw his colt from further heats so as not to endanger his racing future.

Wrote the breathless turf expert of the *Daily Picayune*: "The long agony is over—the contest is ended—the race is run!"

Shortly after the race, Lexington's eyes became afflicted and he was retired to stud. He died totally blind at the age of 25, and today his skeleton is on display at The Smithsonian Institution. And the Metairie Course? After the Civil War its owner, Charles T. Howard, president of the New Orleans Racing Association, promised "drastic action" if the state legislature outlawed lotteries as it threatened. When the legislature did just that, Howard kept his word, and in 1872 the old racetrack became a cemetery.

—PETER FINNEY



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Sirs:

Though I hate to contradict a trivia man of the stature of Rod Belcher, I must. I have seen *The Penfold Forest* several times, and each time Dick Foran, as Bore Hertzlinger, is from good ol' Mobly Tech—not Nevada Tech. Who can ever forget Humphrey Bogart tersely deflating Foran's proud reference to his alma mater with, "Never heard of it." By the way, when the football scores were being given over the radio to the listening Duke Mantee and his captives, what team beat Mobly Tech (to Foran's consternation) and what was the final score? Alas, I have forgotten, but I am sure someone out there in minutiae land remembers.

DAVID CHRISOLIS

Elmwood, Conn.

Sirs:

Any trivia man who is worth his salt knows that Bore was from Mobly Tech, not Nevada Tech. Shame on you.

THOMAS F. DOWD III

Brooklyn

Sirs:

I guessed all 19, but I'll swear Bore Hertzlinger went to BowBy Tech.

D. V. KIRBY

San Diego

● Actor Dick Foran, who in real life played football for Princeton, offers Mobly Tech, or "something that sounded really ridiculous," as the movie version of Bore Hertzlinger's school. In the original play by Robert E. Sherwood, however, it was Nevada Tech.—ED.

Sirs:

Just to set Ron Fimble and Rod Belcher and other triviaists straight, Bronko Nagurski was born on Nov. 3, 1908 in Rainy River, Ontario. He was christened Bronslau. His mother advised his first-grade teacher to call him "Bronko," and the name stuck.

JIM OMANS

Milwaukee

Sirs:

Ron Baby! You left out some real trivia when discussing Rod Belcher (alias Rod Hughes). Who was the interim 49ers announcer Rod replaced back in 1950? Give up? Tommy Greenhow? Who was Rod's "commentator" during the 1950 season? Easy! A former 49er lineman. Who can forget the immortal Gerry Conner? Now if we could only relegate Howard Cosell back to trivia where he really belongs.

JOHN BEECHER

Arcadia, Calif.

P.S. Super trivia! Who was Rod's "spotter" during the 1950 season? Me! Ain't that a gas?

continued

79

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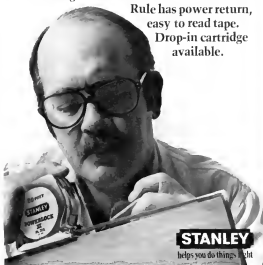
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10TH HOLE *continued*

Sirs

My thanks to you and Ron Finate for the enlightening article. Though I cannot classify myself as a bona fide Iron player, I am a nostalgia buff and a collector of little-known facts. There is no way to express my happiness at learning that the Lone Ranger had a first name and, what is more, that he and the Green Hornet were related.

While I am at it, I would also like to thank Herman Weiskopf for giving us, in his Jan. 31 article, an inside look at the world of stunt men. Little-known fact No. 1: Clayton Moore, TV's Lone Ranger, started out as a stunt man.

JAYSON KREIDLER

Queen, Pa.

STUNTS TO REMEMBER

Sirs

The piece on stunt men (*Bring a Good Sport Aboard It*, 40, Jan. 31) was kindly sent to me by the author, Herman Weiskopf, who had interviewed me at some length when he was researching it. While I'm very glad to see your magazine focus some attention on this misunderstood profession, I'm very sorry the article included some errors of fact.

Some of the men quoted displayed a tendency to self-advertisement not at all typical of the remarkable fraternity of athletes I've found stunt men to be, but Mr. Weiskopf is not to blame for that. I was also pleased to note that he gave Yakima Canutt proper credit for his role in creating stunting as a rational profession, instead of the gaggle of drunks and idiots it was once considered. But even Yak, 60-some years old when he directed the second unit on *El Cid*, could hardly have then done the all-out, dead-on-accurate horse fall you credited him with. That was his son, Joe, who has not about succeeded him as the best of them all. I have some experience of world-caliber athletes in several sports, and I'm convinced that Joe is the best natural athlete I've ever seen.

On the other hand, Yak does deserve credit. Mr. Weiskopf didn't quite give him for the chariot race in *Ben Hur*. He not only bought the horses and trained all the drivers, including me, he designed a harness capable of controlling four horses with two reins. If that race is, as has been suggested, the best action sequence ever filmed, Yak did it. On top of everything else, of course, he tried it. As he said to me the day we started shooting the sequence, "You just drive the damn chariot, Chuck. I'll guarantee you'll win."

CHARLTON HUSTON

Beverly Hills, Calif.

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